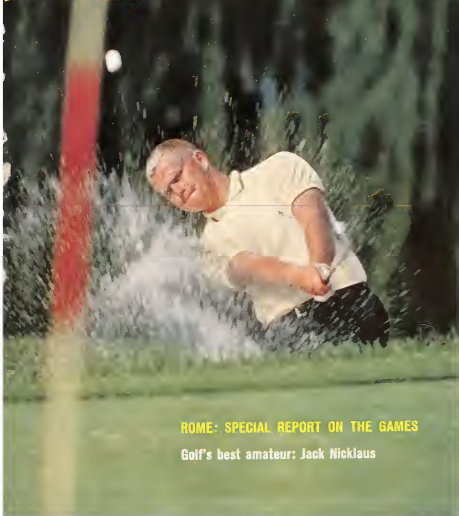


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 12, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS



ROME: SPECIAL REPORT ON THE GAMES

Golf's best amateur: Jack Nicklaus

All Males are Dressed Equal

What finally killed off the sartorial distinctions between men and boys? Some say the fabric shortage of W. W. II. Others, that when big brother went to war little brother colonized his wardrobe. At any rate, by the time G. I. Joe was back in civvies, Little Joe looked less like his kid brother than his twin. The slack seemed, momentarily, to have lost its meaning as a mark of status.



Remember how you longed for your first pair of "longies"?

(SLACKS AS A STATUS SYMBOL, AND HOW ACRILAN® RAISED THE STANDARD.)

We don't expect you to remember the times when slacks set men apart from women. But we do hope you recall that long pants once separated the men from the boys.

The Measure of Maturity

Life was simpler then, and a fellow's growth to manhood could be measured by the length and cut of his trousers. The littlest of us wore shorts and high socks. Shorts were too short to reach the knee and the high socks weren't high

enough. As a result, the knee was a little boy's Achilles' heel and a kind of technicolor badge of honor. Red from the wind and cold, black and blue from bumping into things.

Putting Knees in the Bag

Bigger boys wore Knickerbockers, knickers, or knicks. (See insert or sketch at right.) The name got shorter as you got taller, but the length was always just below the knee.



The Commercial, at Last

Today, the mature man has only his razor and his good taste to separate him from his juniors. A subtle distinction, we admit, but we have helped in our way to give it substance. Our business, you see, is making Acrilan acrylic fiber. This makes up into tasteful and talented fabrics which make up into equally tasteful and talented slacks. The pair in our picture is a prize example of Ivy styling. (Also available in pleated and continental models.) Tailored by a gentleman named Asher (see his label at right) in a fabric

**ASHER
SLACKS**

blended of 70% Acrilan-30% wool, these handsome slacks are certainly a notch or more above the status quo. You can't fault them on comfort. They feel rich and cling hard to their fresh-pressed look, by (1) recovering fast from wrinkles, and (2) wearing somewhat longer where you need longer wear. As a final stroke, Acrilan also gives them the ability to slip into a washing machine and emerge with their press practically intact. (What the ads call "wash and wear"!)

Sizes: 29-42; colors are medium gray, dark gray, charcoal brown, and olive. The prices, Mr. Asher tells us, start at \$11.95, which seem reasonable enough.

We Advertise, but Don't Sell

So ends our sales talk for Asher Slacks, if not our nostalgia for days gone by. We ourselves make neither fabric nor fashions, you know, so we can sell neither slacks to you, nor (were we inclined to revive that item) knickers for your kids.

All that we can do is continue to make our fine fiber (Acrilan) and recommend that you go to your favorite store and see these fine slacks that are being made with it.

A
ACRILAN
ACRYLIC FIBER
"Fiber to the Future"

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

from L. L. Callaway, Jr.

Now that the pennant races are once more coming down to the wire, I find myself indulging in that perennial sport of watching the daily standings of the clubs.

And so, with my pernicious habit of somehow being able to turn every one of life's little daily occurrences into something that has to do with America's National Sports Weekly, I thought I might regale you this week with a few form charts from the Publisher's Information Bureau, the magazine business' own private pennant races.

The following figures are the present standings of the top ten magazines in advertising pages, in three major classifications of consumer goods. (Again, for purposes of comparison, farm publications and newspaper supplements are not included):

PASSENGER CARS AND VEHICLES

	Advertising Pages, 1st 6 Months, 1960
1. Life	202.1
2. New Yorker	192.9
3. Time	191.7
4. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED	168.6
5. Saturday Evening Post	156.2
6. Newsweek	154.2
7. U.S. News and World Report	121.0
8. Look	84.8
9. Holiday	84.8
10. Sunset	81.3

BEER, WINE and LIQUOR

1. New Yorker	352.3
2. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED	143.7
3. Life	139.1
4. Time	116.9
5. Newsweek	111.9
6. Gourmet	109.8
7. Holiday	109.6
8. Cue	102.9
9. Ebony	101.2
10. U.S. News and World Report	84.3

MEN'S APPAREL

1. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED	156.4
2. New Yorker	154.5
3. Esquire	148.9
4. Playboy	42.4
5. Life	40.0
6. Holiday	25.9
7. Saturday Evening Post	25.4
8. Time	24.6
9. Newsweek	15.7
10. Ebony	13.9

(continued from preceding page)

And there are a half a dozen classifications where we do nearly as well, as I reported to you last week—Cameras, Radio and TV sets, Tires and Tubes, Sporting Goods and Toys.

In fact, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED now carries advertising from 24 out of the 29 P.I.B. classifications. So to be more all-inclusive, here are the standings in our league among all magazines, in all kinds of advertising pages.

	Advertising Pages, 1st 6 Months, 1960
1. <i>New Yorker</i>	2,562
2. <i>Business Week</i>	2,507
3. <i>Life</i>	1,758
4. <i>Time</i>	1,587
5. <i>Saturday Evening Post</i>	1,536
6. <i>Newsweek</i>	1,514
7. <i>U.S. News and World Report</i>	1,504
8. <i>Fortune</i>	1,130
9. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED	982
10. <i>Sunset</i>	873

As you see, we have a ways to go in this competition, from 9th place. But when we started, in 1955, we were in 38th place.

* * *

I spoke a while back of tires and tubes. While I'm submitting remarkable and surprising facts to you, how about this one: who would you think are the best customers for new tires—those families in the lower and middle-income brackets who buy used cars (and could be expected to have a continuous tire replacement problem) or those in the upper-income brackets (who generally buy new cars complete with 5 brand-new original-equipment tires)?

For a long time, as I remember, the industry would generally have answered the used-car owners and buyers. I think that opinion is now veering to the upper brackets—and a cross-tabulation based on our "Third National Study of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Subscribers" (1960) seems to bear this out completely.

Family Income	Families Buying New Tires (%)	Average Number of New Tires These Families Bought
\$ 5,000—\$ 7,499	55.7	3.3
7,500— 9,999	57.0	3.5
10,000— 14,999	63.1	3.7
15,000— 19,999	67.6	3.8
20,000— 24,999	71.5	4.1
25,000 and over	71.0	4.7

The median SPORTS ILLUSTRATED household income is \$10,835, and nearly a third of our more than 900,000 families are above \$15,000.

(continued on back flap of this insert)

from a block of walnut

and bars of steel



From "280
U.S. & CANADA

Pieces subject to change
without notice

Just a block of wood and some bars of steel. Not too complicated at first glance. But perhaps you would like to know more about the actual composition of your Browning Superposed shotgun?

22 different types of fine steel are utilized in the making of just one gun — each laboratory tested before moving to the machans or massive forging presses.

84 individual parts undergo 794 precision machining operations, where even the giant lathes hold to minimal tolerances.

67 of its components receive varied and complicated heat treatment depending upon the function of each.

1490 different gauges and instruments are used in 2310 separate operations to test and retest both dimension and strength of the Superposed's various constituents.

Finally 155 meticulous manual operations by the practiced hands of our most accomplished artisans complete those jobs beyond the capability of the finest machines.

But your Superposed is still far from finished. Now assembly commences: the painstaking process of hand-fitting all the various pieces into one integral unit; the shaping and precise fitting of stock and forearm; the hand-checkering; the bluing process; the hand-engraving, the polishing and repeated hand-finishing. Then functional tests, pattern checks, and high pressure proof tests. And during the final stages of production your Superposed undergoes six complete, rigid inspections by our most experienced gunsmiths.

Thus evolves a perfect functioning mechanism known as the BROWNING SUPERPOSED.

*Is it any wonder that we say yours
should be flawless — made to last a lifetime?*

BROWNING

**WRITE
for
CATALOG**

Write for new catalog giving complete details and color illustrations on the Superposed and all Browning guns, plus special informative chapters on shooting.

Browning Arms Company, Dept. 130, St. Louis 3, Missouri

In Canada write: Browning of Canada, Dept. 130, PO Box 996, Montreal 9, PQ

Louella Stickler

Meanwhile, back on this planet



"In the race for the conquest of outer space, Russia seems to have put up bigger Sputniks than we have.

"But I saw some figures recently which make me wonder if they're doing half as good a job as we are for the folks on this planet.

"According to recent authoritative studies of Soviet wages and prices, it takes an hour and 4 minutes of labor for the average worker in manufacturing to buy a pound of sugar in Moscow. (In New York, it takes 3 minutes.)

"In Moscow, it takes 15 hours of work to buy a man's cotton shirt. (In New York, it takes 56 minutes.)

"In Moscow, it takes 275 hours of work to buy a man's wind suit. (In New York, 23 hours.)

"I could go on. But it's the same for every item. You'd have to work considerably longer to buy it in Russia.

"You see my point. Bigger and better Sputniks may be scientifically important. But equally important is how well an economy serves the average citizen.

"On that score, we've always done a better job in the United States.

"Union Oil's 8 million dollar Research Center is a case in point. Some 400 people here spend all of their time searching for new ways to provide continually better products at a lower cost for our customers. This work is possible only because of the incentive of our free-enterprise system."

* * * *

Louella Stickler is a Research Assistant in our Process-Research Group.

Louella's comments point up a fact of life. The citizen of a free and competitive economy always enjoys more of the fruits of his labor than the citizen of a communitist or socialistic state.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



Contents

SEPTEMBER 12, 1960 Volume 15, Number 11

COVER: Jack Nicklaus blasts out of a sandtrap.
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Days of Grief and Glory

- 14 **IN COLOR:** two great races of the Olympic week
17 **TEX MAULE** explains our track and field results
28 **KEN RUDEN** covers results in and on the water

31 The New Pros Open Up

The American Football League goes into action this week with new money and a chance to succeed

37 Advantage, Receiver!

To a leg-less tennis amateur, nothing talks quite so loud as money. By Jack Pollard

45 One Whale of a Golfer

Blasting his way to the top of amateur golf, Jack Nicklaus hopes to be another Bobby Jones

61 The 19th Horse

Harness racing's classic Hambletonian was the winner's first win of the season

66 How to Reform Hunters

New York State learns how to teach hunters manners and farmers patience

77 Wind on My Wings

Percy Knuth takes the reader down the runway and into the earth-sky world beyond

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 8 Scorecard | 66 Hunting |
| 10 Coming Events | 74 Charles Goren |
| 12 Editorials | 85 For the Record |
| 57 Tip from the Top | 86 Baseball's Week |
| 58 Horse Racing | 87 19th Hole |
| 61 Harness Racing | 88 Pat on the Back |
| 64 Fitness | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 640 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, IL. This issue is published in national, regional and special editions. Domestic postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$6.75 per year.

Acknowledgments on page 85

Next week

All the medal winners of all the events in the XVII Olympiad, plus final evaluations of the performers and inside stories of how U.S. athletes won some events—and lost others.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, in its 55th annual Football Issue, introduces the wide-open 1960 season. There will be color photographs of teams in game action, reports by coaches, a poem by Ogden Nash, a refreshing appraisal of Ole Miss's combination of beauty and brown play, in a special insert, scouting reports for 184 major and 13 small college teams.



Men who know

'discover a miracle



Crestlon® comes to Magic Fleece with a deft new touch of luxury and vitality... born of a magic molecule! 60% Crestlon® acrylic fiber and 40% wool are carefully knit into sport and casual socks so comfortable, so handsome, so long-wearing you'll hardly believe your own good judgment.

Slip on a pair and discover "Creslon" ... the newest reason why men who know custom quality wear Magic Fleece. At better stores.

Magic



Fleece®

FINEST SUPPORT AND CASUAL SOCIETY

ROCKFORD TEXTILE MILLS, INC. - MOHANNVILLE, TENNESSEE

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

Editor-in-Chief: Henry R. Luce

Chairman, Bartolucci Committee Roy E. Larson

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Hefsel

President: James A. Liner

Editorial Director: Hedley Donovan

Assistant Director: Albert L. Fuchs

Managing Editor: André Larue

Assistant Managing Editors: Richard W. Johnston,
John Tibby

Art Director: Richard Cengel
Assistant Director: Alfred Zingaro

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: Alfred Zingaro

Special Projects Director: Joanne Snyder

Associate Editors: ARTICLES, Percy Kneath, Eva Rosen, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cramer, Andrew Guchton, Roger S. Hawker, Gerald Holland, Martin Kama, Hamilton B. Marks, James Murray (Los Angeles), Jack Olsen, Colin Phillips, Henry Romney, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Taz, Roy Terrell, Whitney Tower, Norman Wood, Alfred Wright

Staff Writers: Walter Hupham, Ray Cave, Alice Higgins, Hanton Horn, Mervin Hyman, Virginia Knott, William Leggett, Morton Lund, Gilbert Rabin, Kenneth Radeen, Lee Woodcock, Jo Ahern

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, Gerald Amor; ASSISTANTS, Ben Schulin, Betty Dick, Dorothy Moss; STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, John G. Zimmerman; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Jerry Cooke, Louise DeNio-Wells, Tom Frenzel, David Gladson, Richard Mack, Marvin E. Newman, Hy Posner.

Major-Reporters: Oscar, Hopes Fitzpatrick, Thomas Aikman, Gwylher S. Brown, Gay Flood, George Wahl, Herman Wenzke, Roger Williams
Reporters: Mary Snow, Maury Allen, Bettina Blackford, Julie Campbell, Peggy Downey, Barbara Holman, Mary Jane Rodan, Pamela Jeffery, Rose Mary Mobern, Arlie W. Schardt, Morton Skarish

Contributing Editors: Roger Baillaster (Tweed), Charles Gorey (Carse), Carleton Mitchell (Yorkton), John O'Reilly (Nelson), Horace Strong (Tweed), William F. Talbot (Tweed), Herbert Warren Wind (Golf).

Producers: Barbara Gottlieb (Copy Desk), George J. Bloodgood, Betty DeMunster, Improborg Farrell, Arthur A. Goldfinger, Lina Mastro, Helen Taylor

Art Department: Harvey Gross, Martin Nathan, William Brunsfeld, Brendan F. Mulvey, Catherine Spatzel, Thomas Vanderschmidt, Robert Rago (Artist, Research)

Administrative Assistant: Myraen Harris

Editorial Assistants: Anne Dwyer, Jean Lockhart, Eleanor Milne, Theodore Northey

[illegible]

Foreign Bureau: CHAP, John Bayle; London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Panama City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires.

Publisher: Sidney L. James
Advertising Director: L. L. Coltrane Jr.

BENCHING OF A LEGEND

The prideful struggle of an aging Stan Musial to keep on playing ball has been a painful experience for everyone

by ROGER KAHN



STAN MUSIAL, AT 39, PONDER'S HIS FUTURE LIFE IN BASEBALL

DISTURBING paradoxes surround an aging baseball player. He is old but not gray; tired but not short of breath; slow but not fat as he drives himself down the first base line. Long after the games, when the old ballplayer thinks seriously, he realizes that he has become obsolete at an age when most men are still moving toward their prime in business and, in politics, are being criticized for their extreme youth. It is a melancholy thing, geriatrics for a 40-year-old.

To Joe DiMaggio, age meant more injuries and deeper silences. To Bob Feller it meant months of forced jokes, with nothing to pitch but batting practice. To more fine ballplayers than anyone has counted age has meant Scotch, bourbon and rye. The athletes seldom bow out gracefully.

Amid the miscellaneous excitements of the current National League pennant race, the most popular ballplayer of his time is trying desperately to overcome this tradition. Stanley Frank Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals, now 39 and slowed, intends to end his career with dignity and with base hits. Neither comes easily to a

ballplayer several years past his peak, and so to Musial, a man accustomed to ease and to humility, this has been a summer of agony and pride.

Consider one quiet June evening in Milwaukee when Musial walked toward the batting cage to hit with the scrubs, dragging his average (.335) behind him. He had been riding the bench for two weeks.

Out of place

"Hey, what a funny-looking ballplayer," called Red Schoendienst of the Braves, who was Musial's roommate on the Cardinals for five years. Musial grinned wide. It was an old joke between old friends. Then he stood silently among anonymous second-liners, attempting to act as though he were used to the company.

"Stash," someone said, while George Crowe, a St. Louis pinch hitter was swinging, "did you know that Preacher Roe was using a spit ball when he pitched against you?"

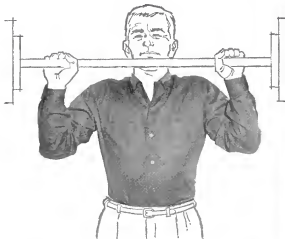
The question snapped Musial to life. "Sure," he said, enthusiastically. "We had a regular signal for it. One day Preacher goes into his motion

and Terry Moore, who's coaching at third, picks off the spitter and gives me the signal. Preacher knows I've got it, so he doesn't want to throw the spitter. But he's halfway through his wind-up and all he can change to is a lollipop [nothing ball]. I hit it into the left-field seats, and I laughed all the way around the bases."

Musial laughed again at the memory, then stepped in to hit. He swung three times but never got the ball past the batting practice pitcher. A knot of Milwaukee fans jeered as Musial stepped out of the cage, and the sound, half boos, half yaws, was harsh. Musial blushed and began talking very quickly about other games against Roe and the old Brooklyn Dodgers. "Yeah, I could really hit those guys," he said. It was strange and a little sad to see so great a figure tapping bouncers to the pitcher and answering boos with remembrances of past home runs.

Why was he doing it, one wondered. He was long since certain of election to the Baseball Hall of Fame. He was wealthy, independent of the

continued



It's a Matter of Fitness! And with your "Trim-Fit" casual by Norris you'll get a real custom-tailored fit. No more untidy bunches and bulges at the waist. That line from broad shoulders to slim waist is as smooth as it should be in the tapered "Trim-Fit." Choose from a host of patterns, colors, and fabrics, and you'll be truly fit for Fall! The Norris Mfg. Company—the shirt tailors from Taylors, S.C.



BENCHING OF A LEGEND *continued*

game. (One friend estimates that Musial earns \$200,000 a year, no more than \$80,000 of it directly from the Cardinals.) He was a man who had always conducted himself sensibly. Now here was sensible old Stan Musial reduced to benchwarmer, as he waged a senseless war with time.

The answer, of course, is pride; more pride than most of us suspected Musial possessed, more pride than Musial ever displayed when he was Stan the Man, consistent .350 hitter, owner and proprietor of most National League pitching staffs.

The issues in the case of Stan Musial versus time have cleared considerably since his May benching and his dramatic July comeback. He was not through in June as many suspected but, because Musial is well loved, few put in words. But neither was he the young Musial in July, as many said loudly, but, I imagine, few really suspected. Both the benching and the comeback represent skirmishes in the continuing battle Musial joins each time he puts on a pair of spikes and heads out toward left field, trotting a shade more slowly than he once did.

After a career in which he had never batted lower than .310, Musial hit .255 in 1959. Since he was 38, the wise conclusion was that he was finished, and most baseball men assumed that he would retire. In fact, most hoped he would choose retirement instead of the awkward exit that seemed inevitable if he played this season. "No," Musial insisted during the winter. "I want to go out on a good year. I'm not quitting after a lousy year like that." Athletes, like chorus girls, are usually the last to admit that age has affected them, and Musial appeared to be following the familiar unhappy pattern. His timing seemed gone—change-ups made him look foolish—and he appeared to be the only man who didn't know it.

During the winter Musial enrolled in a physical education program at St. Louis University. The exercises were orthodox—push-ups and such—but placed emphasis on tumbling.

He arrived in spring training splendidly conditioned and hit well, if not sensationally, during exhibition games. For the first three weeks of the regular season he played first base, batted about .300 and fielded poorly. Then his hitting dropped sharply, and

Pair Up with . . .
TYER
Ropeez[®]
for Anti-Slip Safety
 Don't risk the danger of slipping with a loaded gun in your hands. Ropeez Sport Boots, with anti-slip fute soles, give you sure-footed safety wherever you go.
 Tyer Rubber Company, Andover, Massachusetts.
 † Trademark of J. H. Emerson Co.

Serving the sportsman with a complete line of canvas and rubber footwear.

for the next three weeks his average drifted toward .300. Finally, on May 27, Solly Hemus, the Cardinal manager, benched Musial. The decision brought pain to Musial and pain to Hemus, too, since what the manager did, after all, was bench a legend.

"He'll be back," Hemus said vaguely to everyone who asked. When? Solly wasn't quite sure. "I'll play whenever they want me to," Musial said cheerlessly. But he didn't start another game for almost a month.

Hemus is a conscientious, combative man of 36, who joined the Cardinals in 1949 when Musial was already a star, a factor which complicated the usual manager-ballplayer relationship. "I'd never palled much," Hemus recalls, "and when I first came up Stan gave me some tips. He told me to concentrate on hitting that right-field screen—it's close—at Busch Stadium. I admired him, and I guess he liked me. It got so that when he'd come home, Janet, Stan's daughter, wouldn't start by asking if he got any hits. First she'd say: 'Did Solly get any hits?'"

Discussing the Musial benching troubles Hemus. He was buffeted somewhat in St. Louis sports pages for the move, and, beyond that, it strained a friendship. But he talked about the benching at some length and with tremendous earnestness after one recent Cardinal night game.

"What's my obligation as manager?" Hemus said, staring darkly into a glass of light beer. "It's not to a friendship, no matter how much I like a guy. My obligation is to the organization that hired me and to 25 ballplayers. I have to win. Stan was hurting the club. He wasn't hitting and balls were getting by him at first base. It wasn't something I wanted to do. I had to do it."

For all his attempts to show outward indifference, Musial hated the bench. He confided to a few friends that he wouldn't mind being traded to a club that would play him every day. A few hints appeared that he and Hemus were feuding. They weren't—they were just miserable about the situation—but Musial still says, in the closest he comes to a grumble: "Don't let anyone tell you they were resting me. I was benched."

On June 19, after Musial had spent three weeks in the dugout, Hemus said before a double-header: "Maybe

continued

Southwick



**often imitated
...never equalled**

The characteristic of our SOUTHWICK suit that cannot be copied is the quarter of a century of tailoring research behind its unique, soft, natural construction. The difference in comfort and distinction is instantly apparent.

Southwick suits from \$85.00, Sports jackets from \$65.00, Slacks from \$25.00.

For the ultimate in comfort and distinction

Southwick

Cincinnati, O. — Vander Eirik & Baron
Clyton, Mo. — Boy's
Cleveland, O. — The Wolfe Dress Co.
Columbus, O. — The Union
Dayton, O. — The Metropolitan Co.
Des Moines, Iowa — The New Union
Grand Rapids, Mich. —
MacKenzie-Berkeley-Moore

Indianapolis, Ind. — L. Stevens & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. — Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill. — Robertson's
Milwaukee, Wis. — Stevenson's
Peoria, Ill. — Howard A. Heller
St. Louis, Mo. — Boy's
Springfield, Ill. — Arch Wilson, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio — Fyn's

For other stores write Southwick, 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



THIS MARK OF DISTINCTION

In the MEN'S STORE of your community is the guarantee of exceptional values in MEN'S APPAREL.

BROADMOOR

- CLOTHING
- SPORTSWEAR
- OUTERWEAR
- FURNISHINGS

Comparison-tests have proven BROADMOOR superior quality and lower prices.... Made possible by our GROUP BUYING PLAN with stores from Coast to Coast.

write for name of nearest store in your community



AFFILIATED CLOTHIERS, INC., 128 W. 31st St., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Retailers: Write or wire for details of Membership in Affiliated Group Buying Plan



POLIGNAC

COGNAC OF THE COGNOSCIENTI...

Cognac Polignac offers leisurely pleasures for an educated palate—a seductive bouquet to savor slowly, the deep classic flavor of a great cognac. After dinner, of course—but as appropriate over ice any time. Polignac is the only cognac that is controlled from grape to glass by the Cognac Cooperative of France.

TO PROOF COGNAC, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE BY DEMS & HOFFER, NEW YORK

SIMPLEX CHALLENGER RACING KARTS

More thrilling than Indianapolis racing because YOU are the driver in America's newest, safest sport!



Retail from
\$139
to
\$269

The Challenger is a masterpiece of mechanical integrity. Challengers are the only Karts that are equipped with two shoe automotive internal expanding brakes and a steering mechanism that racing experts consider the ultimate in Kart Racing Control. Every Challenger is delivered ready to race. Our Free Literature answers all your questions about this great Sport, together with full color pictures of all Simplex Machines.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING CORP.

540 N. Carrollton Ave. • Dept. TL
New Orleans 29, La.

BENCHING OF A LEGEND *continued*

"I'll use you in the second game." The Cards won the first, and in the clubhouse afterward Hemus announced simply: "Same lineup."

Later Musial, deadly serious, approached him. "There's one thing you shouldn't ever try to do, Solly," he said. "Don't ever try to kid me along."

Hemus said nothing. There wasn't anything to say.

"He caught me," the manager remarked over his beer. "He knew me well and he'd caught me. I was wrong to kid him, but I did."

Hemus paused and gathered his thoughts. "I spent a lot of time, a lot of nights worrying about this thing," he said finally, "and I got to remember the coffin. What does he want to take with him to his coffin? Records. Something that people will remember. As many records as he can. Now what do I want to take to my coffin? Honesty. I always wanted to manage, and I want to know I managed honestly. I was right to bench him when I did, but I was wrong to kid him, and I know it makes me look bad to admit it, but I was wrong."

Hemus never evolved a plan to work Musial back into the lineup. While benched, Musial pinch hit nine times but batted safely only once. There was no indication he was going to hit any better than he had.

On June 16 Bob Nieman, who had been hitting well, pulled a muscle, and suddenly Hemus needed a left fielder. He alternated Walt Moryn and Rookie John Glenn, but neither hit at all. Then he turned to Musial, hoping for batting but not really confident that he would get it.

What would have happened to Musial if Nieman hadn't been hurt, or if Glenn or Moryn had started slugging? Again Hemus speaks with absolute frankness: "I really don't know," he says. "I just got no idea."

On June 24 Musial started in left field against the Phils and got one hit in four times at bat. On June 25 he was hitless, but on June 26 he started again and that day took off on a devastating hitting tear (15 games, .500 batting average) that surprised everyone, except, possibly, himself.

What brought Musial back to batting form? "Well, one reason I didn't

continued

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*





*They're both
Ivy classics
with vests,
but...*

COMPARE and You'll Proudly Wear Richman's

Mr. Rich: Excuse my staring, but you're wearing my suit! **Mr. Man:** Right... with the same reversible English challis vest! **Mr. Rich:** Big investment for an undergrad, isn't it? **Mr. Man:** Best investment I've made. Just \$35 at Richman's. **Mr. Rich:** The things you learn in college these days. **Mr. Man:** Economics major, sir.

Compare and you'll wear Richman's all-wool Ivy suit with the vest that reverses to imported English wool challis... best of what's new in fashion. Very sporty. And another very outstanding value from America's largest maker-seller of men's clothing.

For a wonderful **buy** you can always **rely** on **Richman's**

For your nearest store, write Richman Brothers, 800 E. 55 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

BENCHING OF A LEGEND continued

quit," he says, "is that they weren't throwing the fast one by me. Last year they were giving me changes, and I wasn't going good, so I kept swinging too hard. I figured that one out. Now I'm going to left real good on lots of the change-ups."

Musial has also changed the unique stance that was his trademark. Remember the old crouch? Now Musial stands closer to the plate, a change that gives him better control of fast balls over the outside corner. He still crouches, but less markedly. His stance remains unusual, but it is no longer radical.

He always concentrated when he hit, but Musial's concentration seems to have deepened further. It must make up for what age has taken from his reflexes, and he now plots his swings with great care.

Nobody around the league has an easy explanation of Musial's great hitting in July, because there is no easy way to explain great hitting by a washed-up 39-year-old ballplayer. "Hell," Musial himself says, "just use that old line of Slaughter's. Just say I never been away."

One night before the Cardinals played the Braves, Charley Dressen, a man who has more explanations than newspapermen have questions, agreed to study the revived Musial and report on what he saw. Musial lined one of Bob Buhl's inside change-ups high into the right-field bleachers for a home run.

"Ah," Dressen said later. "I know how to pitch to him."

"How?"

"Same as always," Dressen said. "Change-ups."

"But he hit the home run off the change."

"Wrong kinda change," Dressen said, cutting off further conversation.

Fred Hutchinson, who manages Cincinnati and once managed the Cardinals, took up the Musial question several days later. "What can you say?" Hutchinson asked, shrugging. "He's hitting like hell, that's all. He's hitting all kinds of pitches, just like he used to."

On the field, during workouts, he tries to be as he once was, too, filled with small jokes and with laughter. "Do you know what sex is?" he may ask. "That's what Poles put potatoes

continued

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED September 12, 1960 M

DON'T LET THIS ONE GET AWAY!

it's washable cotton rib...fleece-backed and lined throughout. Color-accented with drawstring hood and snuff pockets. Grey/red, red/grey or navy, red. Sizes S, M, L, XL. \$5.98. At smart stores or write Akom Knitwear, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

AKOM

KNITWEAR WITH THE FASHION FLAIR

BENCHING OF A LEGEND *continued*

into." Then, lest he offend: "You know I'm Polish."

Sometimes, while playing catch, he shows his pitches—he was a pitcher in the low minor leagues 23 years ago. "Fork ball," he'll say. "Me and [Elroy] Face. Next time I come back it's gonna be as a pitcher."

But once in a while pride, before now the unseen side of Musial, breaks through. He was chatting at a batting cage recently when Jim Toomey, the Cardinals' publicity man, approached and asked broadly if he was telling the story of his life.

"Yeah," someone said. "He's up to a Donora sandlot game in 1935."

"What did you do," Toomey asked, "get four hits?"

"I'll tell you this, buddy," Musial said, quite loudly. "You can bet I got two."

Since his July blaze, Musial has slipped somewhat. "One thing I know about him now," Hemus says, "is that when he gets real tired one day's rest isn't enough. If he needs it, he'll get a week off. If he goes real bad, he'll get plenty of time to get strong again."

The old 154-game-a-year Musial is vanished. The swift base runner, whose sloped shoulders suggested the contours of a greyhound, is slowed. The great batter, whose forte was consistency, now hits in spurts. Yet, in sum, this season makes for a graceful exit. Musial wanted to go out with a respectable year, and through concentrating on pitchers and conserving his own energies, he seems likely to achieve this.

But ahead lies one more trap—another season. Musial has not formally committed himself to 1961, but informally he drops hints that he may play again. He relishes his life in baseball, and when he hits well he seems to feel that he can go on hitting indefinitely. "Maybe my wheels are gone," he says, "but I'll be able to hit like hell for a long time."

Perhaps, but anyone who watched his pained struggle this summer must wonder. Time presses. The benchings can only get longer; the comebacks still more labored. He has been a fine and gracious man, Stan Musial. It would be nice to see him say farewell with a wave, a grin and a double lined up the alley in right center field.

END



BOISSIERE

THE CONNOISSEUR'S VERMOUTH

The remarkable crystal clarity of Boissiere, the original Dry White Vermouth exported from Chambéry, France makes every Martini memorable...incomparably smooth, subtle, dry. And the very making of a model Manhattan is Boissiere French Sweet Vermouth—always superbly light.

BOTTLED & BOTTLED BY F. BOISSIERE OF CHAMBERY, FRANCE

He Built a \$200 investment into a mail order business now doing \$3,000,000 yearly (he now shares his formula to success with you)

You, too, may improve your financial security and independence in the fascinating mail order business. 12 years ago Bob Adler started his business with \$200. Today his Income Source Gift is known throughout the U.S.A. His volume is now over \$3,000,000 a year.

Mr. Adler now invites a limited number of qualified people to join his group of Independent Franchise Dealers. Through the Income Source Gift Franchise Plan you can operate your own mail order business under your own name, from your home, spare time or full time. You will be supplied with mail order catalogs with your own name printed on them. You obtain no investment in stock. You don't pay for merchandise until your customers pay you. Receive Cash sales in your residence, shipping directness, warehouse, no initial investment of less than \$500 can get you started.

SEND NO MONEY! Write for complete information. We'll send you by return mail our catalog, sample pricing, specifications for franchise without obligation. Write TODAY! Income Source Gift, Wholesale Division, KCM-99 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, N. J.



700 Acre Vacation Estate on the Gulf Coast, two times South's reported 18-hole golf course. Full program of state tennis facilities, 18-hole beach and salt water fishing, all lawn and water sports. Heated pool. Rates starting at \$13 per person including villa style accommodations, wonderful meals and full use of sports facilities. Open year round.

Call Res on Home 4-1111

WRITE FOR COLOR FOLDER
Dick & Gladys Wooten, Proprietors
Ralph C. Devel, General Manager



*EXCEPT RETAIL PRICE, EXCEPT P.D.C. © 1960 BY VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Why so many Volkswagens live to be 100,000.

The Volkswagen isn't the kind of a car you trade in after a year or two.

It's designed and built for keeps.

The pistons in a VW travel a shorter distance per mile than almost any other car in the world. That means less wear. Engine friction and stress are so low that cruising speed is the same as top speed!

Continuity in making the same basic model year after year has led to Volkswagen's quality of assembly—the kind that a \$5,000 car would be proud of; to say nothing of a car that sells for \$1,565.*

Just to give you an idea: A Volkswagen is so airtight, it's a good practice to open the window before you slam the door. Even

after you've had it for several years.

So, if you own a '56 or '57 VW that you've taken good care of, why would you want to trade it in for a '61—which looks just like it?

You wouldn't.

You'd keep it, and have the pleasure of seeing 99,999 on your VW's odometer turn to 100,000.



WEAR IT...
AND HE'LL SAY

Oh
la
la

PARIS IN A PERFUME
...TOO WONDERFUL
FOR WORDS!



Imported from France

OH LA LA Perfume, \$40.00 to \$7.00
Perfume Mist, Eau de Parfum,
Eau de Parfum Mist Concentrate,
Body Powder, each \$5.00, shown.

PARFUMS

CIRO

MEMO from the publisher

IT NOW STRIKES anyone who has ever been editorially concerned with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** as nearly incredible that there was once editorial concern over whether or not in all of sport enough took place to justify a weekly magazine devoted to the subject. It became clear in our first year that the editorial problem was a directly opposite one: how, in a finite space, to report responsibly, contemporaneously and in balance the almost infinite action of sport.

In the trade, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is in the category of "selective" magazines—which indicates that its readership stands out from the mass in definable respects. In the case of the readership of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** these respects are activity, intellect, possession of worldly goods and a commitment to a way of life. But the word selective applies with equal appropriateness to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** editorially, because each week the volume of material available, indeed prepared, for publication exceeds that which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** can publish. So the problem of reporting

sports responsibly and in balance is as selective and real as our readership. It is inevitably both these things each week—only some weeks it becomes even more so.

As a case in point, next week's issue is something of a classic. For in it, with almost the rareness of an eclipse, a quadrennial occurrence and a 114 annual one of the first-magnitude overlap. The Olympics end as the football season begins.

Next week's issue, therefore, will have the complete results of the Olympic Games, listing the gold, silver and bronze medal winners in every one of the 150 Olympic events. It will be; as well, the 1960 Football Issue, containing scouting reports on 144 major college teams in the five sections of the country—East, Southeast, Midwest, Southwest and West—with their schedules, stars, coaches, prospects and last year's records.

I hope you agree when you have finished reading the issue that the editors have done a good job in bringing to you, in their finite arena, the infinite variety of the goings-on.



Arthur H. Jones

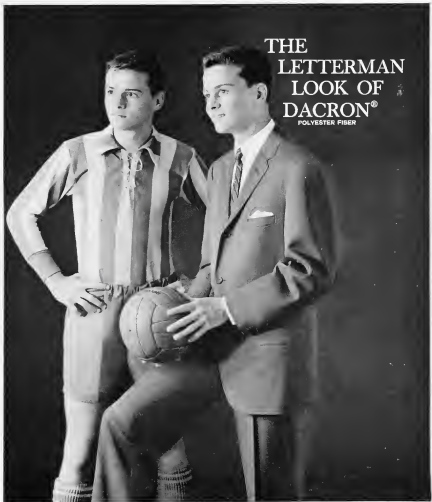
EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE Alan G. Reilly, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE Charles A. Adams, General Manager. Mail subscribers' offers, correspondence and instructions for change of address to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 140 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$6.75, All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$7.98.

OTHER TIME INC. PUBLICATIONS TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME: Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Lerner; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Schmitt; President, James A. Lerner; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, Howard Black; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice Presidents, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckholz, Arnold W. Carlson, Allen Greiner, C. D. Jackson, Arthur R. Murphy Jr., Ralph D. Pease Jr., E. L. Pease, Vernon C. Pallas Jr.; Controller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Blavette; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gorman Jr.

THE LETTERMAN LOOK OF DACRON® POLYESTER FIBER



SHIRT SHOWN: 80% "DACRON" POLYESTER FIBER, 20% WORSTED WOOL

You'll look like a Letterman in a suit containing "Dacron"® polyester fiber. "Dacron" makes suits stay neat and well groomed, resist wrinkles, hold their press. That means you'll look great, feel great, no matter what the occasion. Be sure your fall suit has the Letterman Look of "Dacron".

*Du Pont is a trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY



PALM BEACH



RICHWEAVE® full-weight blended suits are 55% "Dacron" and 45% worsted wool. Just right for back-to-class, these suits come in a wide selection of student and prep sizes. At fine stores.

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

PASSING VS. POINTS

Before the Russia-U.S. basketball game in Rome's Palazzetto dello Sport, a Russian journalist bet an American journalist a bottle of vodka on the outcome. The American gave him 20 points. The U.S. won 81-57. The American got the vodka.

Basketball is still our special game, as the pattern of play quickly demonstrated. The Russians got the tap and brought the ball downcourt with a skillful, intricate pass pattern, working the ball into a corner. Then they worked it out and brought it around to the other corner. Then they worked it out again and thought about things for a while. Finally they tried a shot. It missed. Oscar Robertson took the rebound, the U.S. broke downcourt. Robertson heaved a long pass, and Jerry West scored on a lay-up. And so it went. The Russians continued to pass, the U.S. to shoot and score. Russians play basketball the way they play hockey, with control and fine passing, but they forget that you only get points when you shoot.

Rebounding is another lesson the Russians haven't learned. Viktor Zubkov, who is about the same height as Jerry Lucas' 6 feet 8, was in the best position to study the technique. Most of the time he was about a foot behind and a foot below as Lucas leaped toward the honeycombed ceiling for the ball.

After the game three Russians were talking among themselves. "If we get their first five out of there we beat them," one said. The others solemnly agreed. To see how that will be accomplished, we await the 1964 Olympics.

CHEERS

As their athletes win a surprising share of gold medals, the Germans are awakening the Roman echoes with a cheer that goes: "Zich-zachi, zichi-zachi, heu, heu, heu / Evi-tscha, evi-tscha, tscha-tscha-tscha!" It has a melodious ring, but no meaning. The Americans are countering with this improvisation: "Hey, hey, hey-hey-

hey You, you, you-ess-aye / Cha-cha-cha!" Judging by some U.S. performances, it doesn't mean much either.

THE BACK-UP SCROOGIE

It is Yankee luck, or shrewdness, to come up with the late-season deals that insure pennant victories. Johnny Mize, Johnny Hopp and Enos Slaughter were the results of three such deals. This year it may be Luis Arroyo, a graying, barrel-bellied Puerto Rican with a tricky screwball he calls a "back-up scroogie."

Two months ago Arroyo was a National League reject (18-22 lifetime) drifting through a season in the International League. The night Arroyo and his Havana team moved to Jersey City (SL, July 25) he was murdered in a brief relief appearance. Yankee Scout Bill Skiff couldn't have cared less. Arroyo had one quality the Yankee relief staff badly needed: enough control to keep the ball low.

Arroyo has had far more success with the Yankees than at Jersey City, which may indicate something about

American League hitting. By last week he had won three games, lost two and saved a handful of others; his ERA was an impressive 1.50. "We picked up Arroyo as just a spot reliever," Bill Skiff says. "I sure never thought he'd do this well."

THE DAY THE BULLS WON

As the tiny band tootled in the sun-baked panchaos of San Sebastián de los Reyes, the two novilleros (apprentice matadors) marched splendidly across the main square, tagged by an apprentice apprentice who was to serve only as an alternate. This day the square of the little Spanish town was the *plaza de toros*, and a gloriously colorful poster tacked askew on a whitewashed brick wall promised that four brave bulls would test the mettle of the two men.

At 22, Angel Lopez Angehillo was the senior on the program and would be first. As the gate leading into the makeshift ring swung open, Poderoso, The Powerful One, stamped right in, slammed his horns into the retaining wall and sent boards flying. Carefully, Angehillo sculptured a *ceremonia* as Poderoso charged by. The bull turned quickly and caught him in between the horns. Angehillo, hit high in the chest but not punctured, described a somersault. His attendants carried their *torero* to the first aid station.

Out stepped Pedro Perez Stedda

OVER THE IRISH SEA— THE HARD WAY

Florence Chadwick, 41, trim and attractive as ever as she relaxes here after a workout, will wade into the icy, white-capped waters of the Irish Sea in a few days and will attempt a 30-mile crossing no woman has ever accomplished. The stretch Miss Chadwick chose to tackle, from Donaghadee in Northern Ireland to Portpatrick in Scotland, has been conquered only once—in 15 hours, 35 minutes by an Englishman in 1947. Ten years ago Miss Chadwick broke (by one hour 11 minutes) Gertrude Ederle's English Channel mark from France to England, which had stood for 24 years, and subsequently she established an oceanic world swimming record. Now she thinks she can better the Irish channel mark, and so does SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which will sponsor her attempt.



Pedro Martinez and made the kill. Then he set himself to face the second bull, Campero, The Guardian of the Field. "Let me take him instead," said the apprentice apprentice, a 19-year-old who had arrived without attendants and who called himself The Toledo Fox. "Gladly," said Pedro Martinez. Toledo's Fox was barely warmed up when, injudiciously, he turned his back to Campero. Off went The Fox to the hospital.

Again Pedro Martinez made the kill, and set himself to face the third bull, Fieto, the Little Ugly One. Pedro worked his bull as best he could, then drove in the sword. But Fieto, before he fell, rushed Pedro, butted him in the chest, gored him in the foot and dumped him on his head. Pedro and Fieto left the ring together.

The fourth bull of the afternoon would have been the 3,464th bull killed this year in Spain—but there was nobody around to fight him. The bulls finally had won a bullfight.

HEADSTRONG

When the line squall hit Green Bay, Wis. one morning last week, the wind was gusting along at 53 mph. A photographer's tower on the Green Bay Packers' practice field, 25 feet high, 1,000 pounds heavy and made of angle iron, tipped and then toppled. It landed squarely on the helmeted head of Linebacker Ray Nitschke.

Smushed into the grass by the iron framework, Nitschke wiggled his fingers and toes, and, when the tower was lifted, reeled to his feet. Then, extracting the metal bolt that had punched a hole in his plastic helmet, Nitschke hitched up his pants and returned to practice.

THAT DANISH DRUG

Trainer Oluf Jorgensen has now admitted that he gave a drug to four Danish cyclists before the Olympic 100-kilometer road race two weeks ago. Three of the four Danes collapsed during the race, and one later died. In itself, Jorgensen's admission is no surprise. Among European professional bike racers the use of drugs is common. The puzzling thing is that the drug the Danes received was Ronicol—which is not a so-called pep pill. On the contrary, in fact,

"Ronicol," says one New York doctor, "is a form of nicotinic acid, which is one of the vitamin-B com-

plex. It is used to increase circulation in the limbs. Ronicol, similar in effect but milder than nicotinic acid, is used for the same purpose—to dilate the blood vessels. Blood pressure is lowered because more of the blood is put in use. Thus, the output of blood from the heart is increased, and the heart is forced to work harder to circulate the blood."

This is the same effect that exercise alone has on the blood vessels in the muscles. "It is entirely conceivable," the doctor adds, "that the blood-vessel-dilating effect of the drug, combined with the blood-vessel-dilating effect of the exercise, caused the Danish cyclists to go into shock—a state which can result in death."

The various pep pills, on the other hand, have their most direct effect on the brain, causing a sense of increased energy and physical capability. They also have a tendency to constrict the blood vessels. In any event, if amateur athletes are to be given drugs medical professionals—clearly—should prescribe them.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Texas rumormonger Oriole Manager Paul Richards wants to manage the hoped-for major league team in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Not so, says Richards, who is justifiably happy where he is and who is in an income tax bracket where a big raise in salary might hurt more than it helps. . . . St. Louis heavyweight Sonny Liston, who fights Eddie Machen in Seattle September 7, has been subpoenaed by Senator Estes Kefauver to tell whether or not he is managed by "underworld figures." The answer probably is "yes," but—like many fighters before him—Sonny may be the last man to know. . . . On the radio in Dallas these days a young lady frequently says: "I am Jane Murchison, and I am a fan of the Dallas Texans." The young lady is an employee of Lamar Hunt, owner of the AFL pro football team. She is out to sell tickets and knock the NFL Dallas Cowboys, largely owned by Clint Murchison Jr., who happens to have a daughter Jane (no kin and no coincidence). . . . Overheard in a mildly sporty bar on Sunday: *S&S*: "What happened in the Olympics today?" *He*: "Nothing happens on Sunday." *S&S*: "It's a good thing—we'd have finished second in church."

FACES IN THE CROWD



DEAN McLAUGHLIN, salesman for an Oshawa, Ont. grocery firm, scored fingers with 90% of his attempts in the qualifying and the playoff rounds of the Canadian Horse-shoe Pitching championships at Hamilton, Ont., regained the title he lost in 1956.



DOROTHY MARKEN, 37, Versailles, Ohio housewife, broke 109 straight targets to win the women's veteran championship at the 61st Grand American Trapshoot at Vandalia, Ohio, repeated her triumph of two years ago, posted the identical perfect score.



ENNIE ARGENNE of New Orleans, driving the hydroplane *Gun Shy* in the championships of the National Inboard Hydroplane meet at Cape Coral, Fla., established a five-mile competitive speed record in the 266-cubic-inch class, averaged 69.501 mph.



ED OLIVARES of Mayaguez, P.R., St. Louis Cardinal farm hand now playing third base for Winston-Salem, led the Class B Carolina League in home runs (35) and RBIs (134) with 136 of 140 games completed, was named the league's Player of the Year.



HARRY STRASSBURGER, 37, of Coffeyville, Kan., gained the lead at the 12th hole with a par 4, kept it the rest of the way to win the first world seniors' golf championship at Colorado Springs, Colo., defeated John Roberts of Chicago 2 and 1.



DANNY LITWILER, onetime outfielder in the National League, now Florida State University baseball coach, hit seven home runs in seven tournament games despite a broken hand, sparked his Tallahassee, Fla. team to the state slow-pitch softball title.

VARSITY-TOWN CLOTHES

are "Naturally Yours" in

MADISONAIRE Natural-shoulder Vested Suits, Sport Coats, Top Coats.

In **MADISONAIRE** Clothes
Varsity-Town brings you
authoritative Madison Ave.
type styling of
unpadded jackets, pleatless
trousers, classic casual
fabrics in soft, new
Olive hues

Ask your store for a
Varsity-Town 170-page
LITTLE BLUE BOOK
packed with Football
schedules, scores, rules
and other sport and
style information. Free!



the **STYLE MAJOR** symbol of *Varsity-Town Clothes*
leads you to newest styles of Major Importance
in 800 foremost style stores, including:

Mosley & Carow, Cincinnati
Tate-Drown, Charlotte
Housenard's, Grand Rapids
Loar & White, Clarkburg
Square Shop, Union
Adam, McKim & Anderson, Buffalo

Lipton's, Chicago
Bike's, Dayton
Taylor's, Charleston
John Fells, Stockton
Miller's, Knoxville
Wild's, Ann Arbor

John Baird, New York
L. S. Agnes, Indianapolis
W. B. Doran, Rockford
C. H. Young Co., Canton
The Saksby Shop, Portsmouth
Martin & Eckmann, Seattle

THE H. A. SKINSHEIMER COMPANY, CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

COMING EVENTS

September 9 to September 15

All hours are E.D.T.

★Color television ★Television ★Video audio

Friday, September 9

- GOLF**
Utah Open, \$20,000, Salt Lake City (through Sept. 12)
- ★ **YENIS**
U.S.B.A. Singles and Mixed Doubles championships, Forest Hills, N.Y., through Sept. 11 (NBC, Sept. 10 and 11, 5)
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
Fencing, field hockey, gymnastics, shooting, soccer, weightlifting finals, Rome (CBS-TV, including pre-competition events, and NBC-radio)*

Saturday, September 10

- ★ **BASEBALL**
★ Baltimore at Chicago (CBS-TV, Mutual radio)*
- ★ Los Angeles at Milwaukee (NBC)*
- ★ St. Louis at Philadelphia (ABC)*
- ★ **FISHING**
Inter-Club Bass Fishing tournament, Harvey Cedars, N.J. (also Sept. 11)
- ★ **HARNESS RACING**
National Pacing Derby, \$50,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Del Mar Futurity, \$25,000 added, Del Mar, Calif.
- ★ The Matron, \$75,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- ★ Wadsworth Playground Stakes, \$25,000, Atlantic City, N.J.
- ★ **HUNT RACE MEETING**
Fair Hill meeting, Fair Hill Md.
- ★ **WRESTLING**
U.S.A. national team, Elkhart Lake, Wis. (also Sept. 11)
- ★ U.S.A. Big Car champs, \$15,000, Syracuse, N.Y.
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
★ Basketball, basketball, fencing, gymnastics, shooting, soccer, track & field, weightlifting finals (CBS-TV, including pre-competition events, and NBC-radio)*

Sunday, September 11

- ★ **BASEBALL**
★ Boston at Chicago (Mutual)*
- ★ Los Angeles at Milwaukee (NBC)*
- ★ New York at Cleveland (CBS)*
- ★ **DOG SHOW**
Westminster Kennel Club show, Purchase, N.Y.
- ★ **FOOTBALL** (pre)
★ Ball to at New York (ABC)*
- ★ Houston at Oakland (ABC)*
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
★ Equestrian trials, diving ceremonies (CBS-TV, including pre-competition events, and NBC-radio)*

Monday, September 12

- ★ **BOATING**
Madison Cup, Madison, Wis.
- ★ **GOLF**
U.S. Open Amateur Championship, Clayton, Mo. (through Sept. 17)
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
★ Olympic highlights (CBS-TV)*

Tuesday, September 13

- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Sanford Handicap, \$15,000 added, Del Mar, Calif.

Wednesday, September 14

- ★ **BASEBALL**
★ Baltimore at Detroit (Mutual)*
- ★ **BOXING**
★ Smith vs. Bank, middle, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- ★ **WRESTLING**
★ Pindick Round-Up, \$10,000, Pindick, Ont. (through Sept. 17)

Thursday, September 15

- ★ **BASEBALL**
★ Los Angeles at Pittsburgh (Mutual)*
- ★ **GOLF**
Curling Open, \$25,000, Tacoma, Wash. (through Sept. 16)
- ★ U.S.A. Memphis Open, \$7,500, Memphis (through Sept. 18)
- ★ **YENIS**
Pacific Northwest champs, Los Angeles (through Sept. 21)

*See local listing



What's your number one bowling problem?

FREE booklet by "Woman Bowler Of The Year" can help you solve it

What causes you the most trouble? Stance? Or grip? Aim? Pushaway? Ball speed? Approach? Attitude? Making spares? Whichever it is, you can help conquer it by mailing in the coupon at the right. You'll receive *absolutely free* the new 32-page booklet *Equitable Invites You To Improve Your Bowling*, by the remarkable Sylvia Wene. (This year she bowled a perfect 300 game in two tournaments—and was named "Woman Bowler Of The Year.")

Miss Wene, only 4 feet, 11 inches tall, is convinced that you don't need brawn to be a top flight bowler. All

you need are a few basic principles. All of these important principles are clearly and simply explained and illustrated in Equitable's new booklet.

Whatever your bowling problems are, you'll find real help in Equitable's new bowling booklet. It is produced in the interest of physical fitness by Equitable, the company famous for Living Insurance—with benefits for the

living... for better living. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. Home Office: 393 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N.Y. ©1960



The *EQUITABLE* Life Assurance Society of the United States
Box 1170, General Post Office
New York 1, New York

Please send me Sylvia Wene's 32-page booklet: *Equitable Invites You To Improve Your Bowling*.

Name _____
(Please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

County _____ State _____

8-7

OLD GAME, NEW BLOOD

Baseball has commanded the attention of Americans for more years and for a longer period each year—the better part of six months—than any other sport. It arouses sectional pride and passion, and it is the native American sport. While it doesn't travel well everywhere outside our borders, it has been exported successfully to countries of such diverse temperaments as Cuba and Japan.

Baseball magnates have been charged with monopoly, criticized for standpointism, characterized as flesh peddlers. Baseball players in recent years have been as conscious of their capital gains, pension rights and income taxes as their averages. But with all these developments in the direction of big business and the urge for security, the old game still has refreshing vitality.

Attendance this season has been way up in

most cities, despite television. It is pretty well settled that before two years are up there will be two more teams in each league, whether the vested interests of Dan Topping or Walter O'Malley like it or not.

Meanwhile, the current race for pennants and World Series fame and money is more exciting than usual. In the American League the New York Yankees, with big bats, established glory and professional experience on their side, are battling for their 25th pennant against the Baltimore Orioles, representing youth and desire. In the National League the rejuvenated and hustling Pittsburgh Pirates, whose last pennant was won in 1927, are virtually assured of success this year. The Pirates, with fewer big names, less power and less pitching than the Los Angeles, Milwaukee and San Francisco clubs, have outdone them all.

It would be nice to see a World Series played in Pittsburgh and Baltimore. These two clubs have none of the complacency which sometimes characterizes professionals who have played in too many World Series in recent years and whose salaries have reached a level where taxes destroy the incentive represented by the bonus that comes from Series money. These are clubs animated by that most American quality in baseball—a desperate determination to beat the other guy.

OLYMPIAN EXCUSES

Because some American athletes in Rome have not done as well as their admirers anticipated, dramatic or romantic explanations have been offered for their failure to win. These excuses, ranging from claims of unfair judges to charges of wild nightlife, seem to us on the puerile side.

Over-all, the U.S. performance has been just about as expected. Our individuals and teams were rated early (SI, Aug. 15) as likely to finish second to the Russians and ahead of the Germans, and as of now that is the way the form is working.

It is true that along with some unexpected successes we have had some startling disappointments. But this is not 1948 or 1952, when Americans swept all before them. Young Europeans, coming to maturity during postwar prosperity instead of depression and war, represent more formidable competition. This applies particularly

to the Germans. (The West Germans are winning more than twice as many gold medals as their teammates and compatriots from the East.)

We do not know how many Europeans, Asians and Africans stayed up late nights and thereafter won or lost. We do know that some Americans who shun nightlife lost and some who like late hours won. If excuses are needed, and we don't think they are, attribute some results to the Roman water rather than the Roman wine. Most of our athletes, equally with those of other nations, suffered from intestinal disorders. Others were overtrained and overworked, and in some cases they were a lot too sure of their superiority.

The plain fact is that we had many athletes on our team who were good enough to win, many who were not, and some who had the physical skills and attributes but not the mental poise. We shall try to do better next time, and we are doing pretty well this time.

As low as
\$298*
to Europe
and back by
Pan Am Jet

*and you're in
U.S. hands all the way!*



Lowest Jet Fares Ever! And with Pan Am you travel aboard the world's finest Jet equipment . . . in U.S. hands from the start to the finish of your trip.

**TYPICAL NEW 17-DAY ROUND-TRIP
JET ECONOMY EXCURSION FARES**

Boston-Shannon . . \$298	Detroit-London . . \$364
New York-London . \$350	Chicago-London . . \$429
Balt./Wash.-Paris . \$416	West Coast-London \$581

*17-day Jet Economy Excursion fares good from October 1st through March 31st.



HARY (GERMANY)—1ST

RADFORD (BRITAIN)—3RD

FIGUEROLA (CUBA)—4TH

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
SEPTEMBER 12, 1960

DAYS OF GRIEF



HORTON (U.S.)—5TH

BUDD (U.S.)—5TH

SIWE (U.S.)—2ND

AND GLORY

The victory of Germany's Armin Hary in the 100-meter dash helped make a gloomy Thursday for the U.S. But the next day Americans won six gold medals. Turn page for full Olympic story.



CITIUS! ALTIUS! FORTIUS!

"Faster - Higher - Stronger" reads the urgent Olympic standard, and in Rome last week the best track and field athletes in the world responded superbly to the challenge. A fair share of the glory was won by Americans

by **TEX MAULE**

A WONDERFULLY exuberant Italian turned from the track, extended his arms to the world at large and cried hoarsely but soulfully, "My hands, my voice, my heart! All of them I give to Livio!"

He had a faintly comic-opera air about him and a look of pure amazement, and somehow he seemed to epitomize these Roman Olympic Games in which so many things have gone so dramatically wrong—at least for the United States.

He was applauding—ecstatically—the victory of Italy's Livio Berruti in the 200 meters, an event traditionally American. Berruti is a dark, handsome man who runs, in the poetic words of his coach, like "a lovely, bounding impala." In this race he tied the world record (20.5) and soundly whipped the three American finalists—Les Carney, Stone Johnson and Ray Norton. The day before, the well-drilled and numerous German partisans at the Stadio Olimpico had barked, "Hary, Hary, Hary," in unison to hail the victory of Armin Hary over Norton, Dave Sime and Frank Budd in the 100 meters.

Indeed, after four days of track and field competition, this Olympic meet seemed likely to be the worst for the U.S. in modern history. The mighty fell regularly: John Thomas, the nonpareil in the high jump, finished third to two Russians; Norton, the world's fastest—nearly—human,

finished last in the finals of both the 100 and 200 meters; Harold Connolly, the world record holder in the hammer throw, could do no better than eighth.

There were reasons, and they were advanced eagerly by athletes, officials and the press. The U.S. team had been sent to the Games tourist class. There was a 14-hour trip on a propeller-driven plane from New York to Bern, a track meet in Bern, then a 15-hour train ride to Rome on a crowded, hot train, with the tired athletes jammed six to a compartment. In Rome a good 90% of the U.S. team succumbed to the "Roman skitters," a virulent variety of diarrhea. A smaller, but significant, percentage suffered from an overweening sense of superiority which led them to relax training. One unidentified official was said to have said that he saw a cabload of athletes arrive at the Olympic Village at 2 a.m., in defiance of an 11 p.m. curfew. But the most cogent reason for the American disappointments was the immense improvement in athletic ability in the rest of the world. The two sprint winners—Hary and Berruti—are dramatic examples of this.

Hary set a world record in the 100 meters in Zurich on June 21. He is a small, compactly built man with a large ego, a quick temper, and a singularly ungratifying arrogance. Meet track experts, who know and dislike him, were prone to think that

the record was the result of his jumping the gun. Hary is, indeed, apt to jump the gun whenever he can. But he is also the best sprinter in the world.

Asked about his penchant for gun-jumping before the 100-meter final, Hary said, "Rudolph Valentino was called the Thief of Hearts. As far as I know, he was never in prison. So what I do is not a crime. I am the thief of starts. It goes back to the rules of the game, and I'm a born player."

The very competent starter assigned to the 100-meter final kept a tight hold on the six-man field. There was one jump in which both Dave Sime and Hary went. But neither was charged with a false start. Then Hary alone anticipated the gun, left his blocks early, and the field was again recalled. Hary was charged with a false start. (Two false starts would have automatically put him out of the competition.)

The six finalists went to the blocks again, and the 70,000-odd people in the stands were deathly still. Sime set his feet, saw a rough patch in his lane and reached out and patted it down, hard. The hollow plop, plop, plop of his hand against the dusty red track sounded clearly throughout the stadium. The starter said "vra," and the runners raised in their blocks. The quiet hung on. Then, at the shockingly sudden crack of the gun, they were away.

continued

OLD RELIABLE GLENN DAVIS COMES THROUGH

Gathering all his reserve power for the stretch run after the last barrier, Glenn Davis starts the sprint that carried him to victory in the 400-meter hurdles. Winner of the same event in Melbourne in 1956, 25-year-old Davis set a new Olympic record

of 49.3 as he led his teammates, Cliff Cushman and Dick Howard, to a U.S. sweep. This brilliant performance was the highlight of a golden day for the American athletes in Rome. They took three firsts in track and field and three in swimming.

Hary, Sime and Norton left the blocks in the same wink of an eye. At three yards, Hary had established a narrow but noticeable margin. At 10 yards, he led by a full pace, and at 20 yards he was two steps ahead of Sime, more than that ahead of the rest of the field.

Hary's strength as a sprinter lies in

the first 50 meters of a race. He has, easily, the fastest acceleration that any sprinter has ever had; if he were to run 50-yard sprints indoors no one would ever be near him. This whippet-fast acceleration gave him a three-yard cushion over Sime at 50 meters. For the last 50 meters it was a question whether or not the wonderful gliding top speed that is Sime's could overcome this margin.

Sime came very close. He ran a beautiful race; ordinarily a poor starter, he started better than anyone but Hary this time. He closed very quickly in the final 20 meters, running in the odd, straight-up style which is peculiarly his, and he lunged so desperately at the tape that he sprawled full length in the red dust of the track as the race ended. But he was still a big inch short of victory.

THE THIEF OF STARTS

Germany's gold medal winner in the 100-meter dash is one of the most remarkable and controversial athletes in Rome. The quickest starter in racing history (tests have established that he reacts to sound—therefore to the starting pistol—three times faster than the average man), Armin Hary often is accused of jumping the gun. He proudly calls himself the Thief of Starts (see page 17). "Quick acceleration," he says, "is sheer built-in talent. It is not something you can learn. The mental reaction ends as soon as I make my first movement. It's all my body from then on." In the finals of the 100-meter there were two false starts, both involving Hary. In the first (right), Hary in the near lane and Dave Sime of the U.S. in the far lane broke before the gun, but neither was charged with a false start, since officials could not determine which runner was responsible. Next time



THE FIRST FALSE START

1



2



Hary accepted his gold medal and the booming "Hary, Hary, Hary" of the German rooters with his usual gracelessness. Said he, "The start was excellent. I wanted to run through all three of them, damn 'em [the Americans]. Before the race, they kept on looking at each other, shaking hands and assuring each other they would win, black or white. I lost a tenth of a second on the start. I

waited. By then I was as nervous as a woman."

Hary dropped out of the 200 meters the next day. He said it was because he wanted to concentrate on preparing for the 400-meter relay, which the Germans hoped to win. He is not a very good 200-meter runner, because the impetus of that explosive start dies rapidly.

Berruti, who won the 200 meters,

starts very poorly. Oddly, he started well enough in the finals. He was nervous and had one false start, but he was away quickly. So were Norton and Johnson, but Berruti, running with that impala-sleek stride of his, picked up a lead on them around the turn. He came into the straight three yards ahead and held on to that lead smoothly as the crowd

continued

Hary alone broke an instant before the gun. "I don't think this was a false start," he said later when shown the photograph at the right. "The others are right there with me as I am lifting up. I think the starter was undecided. I think he was trying to make up his mind whether I could possibly have got away that quickly." Hary claimed his confidence was shaken by this charge of gun-jumping. "I couldn't start normally the third time," he said, "since I was afraid of being tossed out for making two false starts. It's quite possible the officials would have called it a false start again if I had gone as quickly as I am able to. I had to be careful." In the third start (1, below) Hary was careful, getting away slowly—for him. Yet such is his explosive speed that he was passing the field in his third stride (2). A step later (3) he had a lead that he never gave up. In the words of Jesse Owens, who ought to know, "He's a champion. He can run like hell."



THE SECOND FALSE START

3



began a rolling, booming roar. Suddenly Les Carney, the No. 3 American 200-meter runner, began to close quickly down the outside lane. Like Sime, Carney dived for the tape and, again like Sime, he was too late. Berruti won the most satisfying victory of the Games.

All of the Italians gave him their hands, voice and heart. When the three young girls who carry out the gold, silver and bronze medals on silver trays walked out for the presentation in the 200 meters, the one who carried Berruti's medal wept unashamedly. When the band played the jaunty Italian national anthem, more Italians wept. It was a very emotional moment, and a very pleasant one for all.

Psych job in a straw hat

On the first day of track and field competition the U.S. had a very pleasant moment of its own. Bill Nieder, Parry O'Brien and Dallas Long placed one-two-three in the shotput. Nieder, the world record holder, set an Olympic record at 64 feet 6½ inches. He came out on the field wearing a ridiculous straw cowboy hat. "It was part of my psych job on O'Brien," he said later. "I wanted him to think this was just another meet for me. But I was really churning inside. My first put, the crowd yelled at a race and ruined my balance. The second one I fouled. The third, they hollered again, and on the fourth I fouled. Then I figured, I got to make it on the fifth. O'Brien was ahead, and I knew if I had only one put left the pressure would be too much. I kept saying to myself, 'O'Brien says old Nieder can't come through in the big ones; he's a cow pasture performer.' I got off a good one. The only one I used the finger flip on." (See right.)

O'Brien, watching from the sidelines, threw his towel in the air in disgusted resignation when he saw Nieder's put. He said nothing to Nieder or Long until the three stepped on the platform to accept their medals and turned to watch the three American flags run up over the Olympic flame. Then, in his state voice that sounds as though he were reciting words chiseled in marble, he leaned over and said, "Gentlemen, this is the ultimate."

This was on the first day of track and field competition. The second was gloomy Thursday. Norton, a lackluster replica of the Norton of the Olympic trials, finished sixth in the 100 meters. ("He's not right," said Bud Winter, an Olympic coach and Norton's coach at San Jose State. "He was ready four days ago. But he hasn't got that sparkle in his eye and the bounce in his step. He's flat.") None of the American 800-meter runners (Tom Murphy, Jerry Siebert and Ernie Cusliffe) qualified for the finals. The best of the three, Siebert, who ran with a 101° fever, managed fourth in the semifinals in 1:48.

The biggest disappointment of the day came late in the evening, with the Roman dusk pouring into the stadium and the lights creating an aura of brightness around the high-jump pit. John Thomas, the best high jumper in the history of mankind, faced three methodical, competent Russians.

John Thomas is 19 years old and never, before this mild, pleasant Roman evening, had he competed against anything like his equals. Here he faced three near-equals, and he could not match them. Early in the week Thomas had worked out for the benefit of the Russians. He jumped 6 feet 10 1/8 of nine times, with the Russians watching. Then he easily cleared seven feet twice. Some of the Russians were awed. One, a mustachioed student named Robert Shavlakadze, watched impassively. Asked what he thought about Thomas' performance, Shavlakadze said quietly, "I am very consistent at seven feet."

On the night of the competition Shavlakadze was very consistent. He went clean—missed no jumps—until the bar reached 7 feet 2 and Thomas had been eliminated. He won, and Valeri Brumel, his teammate, placed second. Thomas, so nervous that his legs trembled between jumps, placed third. In a moment of youthful bravado, he passed at 6 feet 11½, and while he waited for the other jumpers to clear that height he went back into the dressing rooms and drank a soft drink. "I always pass 6 feet 11," he said later. "It's unlucky for me." So were the Russians.

He made seven feet and a fraction on his second jump. By then it was Thomas and three Russians, and

continued

VICTORY AT HIS FINGERTIPS

SHOTPUTTER Bill Nieder, who won the U.S.'s first track and field gold medal in Rome and defeated his waspish archrival Parry O'Brien in the process, disclosed to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Artist Robert Riger the well-kept secret that contributed to the victory.

"I have a strong rotation," he says of the unusually loose, devilishlike whirl that brings him to the point where he releases the 16-pound ball. "But my secret is that throughout the rotation I carry the shot in the palm of my hand, not on the fingers as O'Brien and others do. This lets me move my arm quicker and puts no strain on the hand. Then, at the last instant, I let the shot roll off the palm and onto the fingers where I give it a final finger snap that shoots it out in a low trajectory. Why, if Dave Davis knew this he could throw it out of the park. That's the whole story."

Riger learned one other Nieder secret. The bandage he wears on his right hand serves no purpose, Nieder confessed. He put it on a year ago after an injury and has worn it in competition since, though the hand healed long ago. Why? "It helps me up here," he said, pointing to his head.

SKETCHED IN ROME BY

Robert Ruck

NIEDER'S SECRET

Nieder cradles shot in the palm of his hand (left) as he rotates but, approaching release (below), he rolls it back to his fingertips, snapping it off from there.



O'BRIEN'S FLAW

Throughout his rotation O'Brien holds the shot with his middle three fingers (left). This, says Nieder, tires the hand and causes a loss of thrust.





HURLED JOHN THOMAS LOOKS WISTFULLY AT GOLD MEDAL HELD BY ONE OF THE TWO RUSSIANS WHO BEAT HIM IN THE HIGH JUMP

OLYMPICS *continued*

Thomas was jumping last. Faced with competition which cleared these heights with the regularity of a metronome, Thomas felt unaccustomed pressure. ("He is not used to competition," one of the Russians said later. "He is too young.") When the bar was raised to 7 feet 1, Thomas missed. On Thomas' last jump at that height, with the stadium dark but for the lights on the high-jump pit and with the quiet of 70,000 people a palpable thing, you knew that he would not make it. No 19-year-old could, with the weight of the world on his shoulders.

"His form was not good," said Shavlakadze later. "His trailing leg was not clearing the bar." Shavlakadze should know. He is a graduate student in physical education in Russia. His thesis is on "Stability in Results in the High Jump."

After that disastrous day, U.S. for-

tures turned dramatically. In the 400 meter hurdles Glean Davis, Cliff Cushman and Dick Howard placed one-two-three. ("You feel like you're being led to the slaughter," Howard said. "The pressure out there is unbelievable.")

Then a tall, lissome young lady from Tennessee State, the home of most of America's female track talent, won the women's 100 meters by four full strides. Wilma Rudolph, a delightfully graceful, pretty girl, virtually walked away from the field in her event, breaking the world record by three-tenths of a second (11 flat) and winning superbly. The record was disallowed because of a light following wind. Two days later she became the first American woman ever to win the 200 meters, thus scoring our first double in track.

Next Ralph Boston, a thin, calm young man from Wilma's alma mater, broke the Olympic record and won the broad jump with a fine jump of 26

feet 73/4 inches. Oddly, it was not the most dramatic jump of this competition. Boston's great effort came on his third try. He was first, and America's Bo Roberson was second until the final round of jumping. Then Russia's Ter-Ovanesian returned 26 feet 4 1/2 inches to move ahead of Roberson for second. Roberson, the last jumper in the finals, hesitated a long time at the head of the runway. He stood for a still moment, arms dangling, head low, tape on his thigh showing white in the late dark, then came down the runway very fast. He jumped, reaching for the last fraction of an inch in the doubled bend of a good broad jumper, and the crowd roared because it could see he had gone over the 26-foot mark. He made 26 feet 7 3/4 inches, three-eighths of an inch behind Boston, well ahead of Ter-Ovanesian and the best broad jump of his life.

"He hated Ter-Ovanesian enough," said a teammate. "He didn't hate



HAPPY WILMA RUDDOLPH OFFERS HAND TO BRITAIN'S HYNAN AFTER 100-METER WIN

Boston. But when the Russian went ahead, he hated it, and he jumped that far. You got to hate the guys you want to beat."

On the day of America's resurgence two New Zealanders nearly stole the spotlight. One of them was a complete surprise, the other was expected to win. Peter Snell, a burly, strong and completely unknown half-miler, whipped the world record holder (Roger Moens of Belgium) and the popular favorite (George Kerr of Jamaica) in the 800 meters. Murray Halberg was the favorite in the 5,000 meters, and he won quite easily with a cleverly run, beautifully executed race.

Gold medal four years early

Snell had a plan for the finals in the 800 meters, but the closely packed, somewhat unruly field negated it. "I wanted to get right out front," he said. "Away from the traffic, you know. But they didn't run by my rules. I was boxed a bit on the backstretch of the first lap, then I was knocked over by the rail at the head of the last turn and I had to run on in from there. I wanted to go all-out with 250 meters left, but I had to wait a bit. I'm really preparing for the 1964 Olympics. I thought if I reached the semis here it would be fine experience. Then I reached the semis, and I thought, well, why not, I'll give it a go in the finals. And I was relaxed, you know. I'm really very pleased." Snell is 21, a quantity surveyor ("I figure how many bricks go in a building") in Auckland, New Zealand. New Zealanders consider him the next Herb Elliott.

Halberg has been running since 1949. He took it up because his left shoulder was badly damaged in a Rugby game. "I like to have a lash at all sports," he said. "You know, I travel with chaps who like sports. Then I was banged up in the Rugby game and I had to find a sport that used only my lower body. That's running, isn't it? So I trained a while with a local chap until I got too good for him, and he introduced me to John Lydiard, my coach now. I doubt that any coach has ever been as close to an athlete as Lydiard is to me. I talked to Cerutti once, because I like to learn as much as I can and I thought he might have something for me. I've been called one of

continued



RESTORING ENERGY. If not her spirit, Mexico's Maria Roldan (above) takes oxygen after final-round fencing loss to Germany's gold medalist, Heide Schradl (below).



OLYMPICS *continued*

Cerutti's—but Lydiard is my coach. He's a wonderful man, I've not been as close to him recently as I was at first, but he's taught me everything. I've absorbed most of it, so I only see him now and then to plan how to attack a race, but we have changed the whole textbook of training. Me and Lydiard. No interval work, you know. Long, slow, over distance, then short sprints. All designed to make the body produce its maximum over whatever distance necessary. Take Snell. We had the same program until 10 weeks before the Olympics. We have a 22-mile test course over the hills in New Zealand. Snell and I and two of our marathon runners ran a test over it. The marathon runners beat me by a second, I beat Snell by a second. He'll be the greatest runner in the world in a few years."

Halberg, a slight, red-haired man who runs with his left arm tucked in closely to his side because of the impairment, ran an extraordinarily wise race in the 5,000 meters.

"I knew there were three chaps who could run a fast last quarter," he said, "Grodotzki of Germany, Thomas of Australia and Iharos of Hungary. I thought I might be able to stay, but I wasn't sure. So I sprinted with three laps to go and opened a gap. Then I broke all the textbook rules by looking over my shoulder to see how far back they were so I could keep my lead. When you're running in front like that it's like driving on a dark street at night with the lights out. If you don't watch, all at once all the traffic goes by before you can accelerate. But if you look back, you can adjust to meet that."

Halberg's surprising and unorthodox early sprint opened a 30-yard gap for him. Grodotzki, running second, seemed confused. He started to match Halberg's sprint, then abandoned the effort. But this compromise cost him the strength for a closing drive and left him too far behind Halberg, who has no real finishing kick.

Watching was Roger Bannister, the first man in the world to break the four-minute barrier in the mile.

"A good deal of running is mental," mused Bannister. "You must use your head, you know. It's very necessary."

TURN PAGE FOR MORE ON OLYMPICS



GASPING IN VICTORY, New Zealand's Peter Snell (No. 83), upsets favored Roger Moens of Belgium in the 800 meters (above).

STRAINING IN DEFEAT, Leo Carsey of U.S. (below, foreground) finishes second to Italy's Levis Boratti in 200 meters.



AIRY APEX OF A RECORD LEAP

Soaring like a ballet dancer, Ralph Boston is caught by the camera at the peak altitude of a flight to lasting fame. As he flew, he flailed his arms and churned his legs for utmost distance, and when he touched down he had broken the oldest of all Olympic records: Jesse Owens' broad jump mark set in 1935. Boston was airborne for 26 feet 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches and won a gold medal.





DANGEROUS WHEN WET

U.S. swimmers shattered Australia's supremacy, but there was trouble afloat and in the modern pentathlon

by **KENNETH RUDEEN**

THE U.S. swimmers were hungry, tough and successful beyond anyone else's fondest hopes. At first they had just one imperative: to repulse Australia and make amends for the dismal American performance at Melbourne in 1956, when we won only two swimming gold medals (plus three in diving).

The Larson affair toughened this resolve. California's Lance Larson was placed second to John Devitt of Australia in the 100-meter freestyle by two of the three judges, even though he was timed a split second faster. A

U.S. protest failed, despite controversial filmed "proof" of his victory. Then came Thursday and the U.S. disappointments in track and field.

Eight medals in three nights

Profoundly aware that the U.S. looked to them for heroic performances, the swimmers lightly fed the butterflies in their stomachs, then soberly left the Olympic Village dining hall for the short bus ride across the Tiber to the swimming stadium. It turned into a glorious evening. The U.S. won three swimming gold med-

als, and so began an offensive that brought victories in five of the six remaining swimming and diving events—eight of nine possible gold medals, all told, in three nights' work.

Altogether, the U.S. won nine swimming and two diving gold medals to five in swimming and none in diving for Australia. The American girls beat the Aussie girls five events to one, and the U.S. split four to four with the Australian men.

The key to America's return to world pre-eminence was youth—and lots of it. This was a new wave of Yankee swimmers. None of our individual winners, with the exception of 25-year-old Gary Tobian, had ever seen Olympic competition, while all but one of Australia's 1960 winners

continued on page 79

BLOND BILL MULLIKEN (NEAR LANE) CATCHES JAPAN'S YOSHIKO OHSAKI (CENTER) ON WAY TO UNEXPECTED U.S. WIN IN BREASTSTROKE



PLEASE KEEP
YOUR
TWO CENTS
OUT OF
THIS!



Robt. Burns Panatelas are now 2 for 25¢ (were 2 for 27¢)



Now you don't pay a premium to enjoy America's best-selling premium panatela—the Robt. Burns Panatela. Same fine blend of Havana tobacco, same trim shape, same mild smoke. New price: 2 for 25¢. Probably the best cigar value in the land.



*plus tax in some states

Another fine product of General Cigar



SO NATURALLY AUTUMN DAN RIVER Wash & Wear COTTONS

The ducks may be decoys but the outfits are the real McCoy. They're Dan River Wash and Wear Cottons! For rugged good looks in easy-care fabrics you just cannot do better. All you do is wash them, dry them (even tumble-dry them), don them. They dry so smooth most people do not iron them at all. The secret? No secret. It's famous **Wrinkle-Shed®** by Dan River.

For Lining Color... Be Sure It's Woven Color By Dan River

All fabrics designed and woven in U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Incorporated, Danville, Virginia. *Registered Trademark for Dan River Mills' Wrinkle-Resistant Cottons.



COMMISSIONER JOE FOSS (LEFT) BEAMS AT OWNERS HARRY WISNER, BUD ADAMS AND LAMAR HUNT BEFORE AFL EXHIBITION GAME

THE NEW PROS OPEN UP

An investigator finds that the new American Football League has the money and the men; all it needs is a little luck

by ROY TERRELL

FOUR FOOTBALLS bearing the stamp "AFL" on their pebbled hides will be teed up and booted hopefully into the air this weekend on the 40-yard lines of four stadiums spread over the width of the land. When they come down—and this is the only sure thing on the program—professional sport's most ambitious new venture, the American Football League, will be under way.

In anticipation of the historic moment, those responsible would like to make a few things clear:

- 1) The AFL will not fold before the 1960 season is out.
- 2) The AFL will perform on a level with the National Football League

within three years; within five it will challenge the NFL to a postseason game for the world championship.

Less emphatically, the spokesmen also admit:

- 1) No, the Boston Patriots cannot beat the Baltimore Colts. Nor can the Los Angeles Chargers, the Dallas Texans, the Houston Oilers, the Buffalo Bills, the Oakland Raiders, the New York Titans or the Denver Broncos. Nor, for that matter, can the New York Giants, the Cleveland Browns or the Chicago Bears, who have been trying for years, so why do people keep asking silly questions?

- 2) The AFL expects to lose money for three years.

Fortunately, the men who own teams in the new American Football League have a lot of money—transportation money, oil money, hotel money, construction money, all kinds of money—and they seem to enjoy spending it. The cost of fielding each AFL team this season will be approximately \$1 million, and the owners know they are going to lose some of that. They are prepared to do so. Each team, in addition to financing its operation, has deposited a \$100,000 performance bond with the league office, to be forfeited if the club should drop out.

"We don't expect to collect a single forfeit," says League President Lamar Hunt, who wouldn't know what to do with another \$100,000 if someone gave it to him. "We could have had 50 teams operating on a wildcat basis; we picked eight instead

continued

that were prepared to see this thing through."

To see this thing through, the American Football League has proceeded in a most businesslike way. The front-office staffs are experienced, almost to a man, in the operation of either American or Canadian professional football. The league commissioner is Joe Foss, who would still look like the lean, bearded hero of the *Solomons* if he would reduce a little and cease to shave. As a former governor of South Dakota, Foss retains political connections in Washington which have already come in handy in challenging the grip of the NFL. He also retains enough of the old Marine spirit to have slapped \$2,000 fines on Hunt, the man who hired him, and Barrow Hilton of Los Angeles because their teams started practice a few days early.

The head coaches have had extensive pro experience or else boast un-

usual college records. Eddie Redelatz, formerly of the San Francisco 49ers and Navy, is at Oakland; Sid Gillman, lately with the Los Angeles Rams, is with the Los Angeles Chargers; and Sammy Baugh, the old Washington Redskins, is at New York. Buster Ramsey was defensive coach of the Detroit Lions before going to Buffalo, Frank Filchock of Denver was a pro quarterback with the Redskins and Giants before winning championships in the Canadian League, Lou Rymkus at Houston was a star lineman for seven seasons with the Cleveland Browns and has been an offensive coach in the NFL since 1953. Least known of the eight are Hank Stram at Dallas and Lou Saban at Boston. Stram was an assistant coach at Purdue, SMU, Notre Dame and Miami. Saban, defensive captain of the Browns for four years, later coached at Washington, Northwestern, Case Institute and Western Illinois, where his undefeated 1949 team was ranked second among small colleges in the nation. "Saban," says Billy Sullivan, one of the Boston owners, "is Paul Brown with a heart." In preseason scuffling, the teams coached by Stram and Saban between them have won 10 exhibition games and lost only one.

The sneers and snorts directed at the new league have been aimed at neither the front office nor the coaching staffs, however, but at the players. Since not even the teams concerned knew for sure who the players were until recently, this has taken the form of a blanket indictment of AFL personnel. Yet these "castoffs" and "college kids" represent the strongest part of the AFL rosters.

Some examples: George Blanda, out of retirement after 10 seasons with the Chicago Bears to play quarterback for Houston, is perhaps the best of the older pros in the league. Tommy O'Connell of Buffalo quarterbacked the Browns to their last Eastern championship in 1957 and was the leading passer that year in the NFL; he then quit to go into coaching, possibly because of differences with Paul Brown. Frank Tripuka of Denver has long been one of the Canadian League's leading stars. Tom Greene of Boston, an outstanding pro prospect out of Holy Cross two years ago, was drafted by the Redskins but chose not to play professional football until the new league

came along. Jim Swink decided to pass up the pros for medical school after his All-America days at TCU, has now been talked into playing by the Dallas Texans. Ron Waller, a superb halfback for the Rams until injured two seasons ago, now appears healthy and ready to run for the Chargers. Jim Sears, who couldn't make Ollie Matson move over in four seasons with the Cardinals and retired to coaching in disgust, supplies Los Angeles with a terrific defensive halfback. Butch Songin, who will share the Boston quarterback job with Greene, had two outstanding seasons in Canada, then played semi-pro ball around Boston for \$250 a game, which is approximately \$244 more than Johnny Unitas once received on the Pittsburgh sandlots.

Impressive castoffs

"Unitas was a castoff, too, remember," says John Breen of the Houston coaching staff, "and so was Big Daddy Lipscomb. There's nothing wrong with castoffs."

It is the rookies, however, who should turn out to be the real strength of the league, and it is here that the AFL has a marked advantage in its fight to succeed. Where an NFL team can use at the most five or six rookies each year, the AFL teams can promise 12 or 15 steady employment. They can also pay them at least as much money. This attractive combination enabled the AFL to scamper off with half of the 12 first-round draft choices of the NFL last winter and, overall, to collect about 75% of those college graduates that both leagues were after.

Some of the best this season should be Ron Mix, the 243-pound tackle of the Chargers from USC who was Baltimore's No. 1 draft choice; the storied Billy Cannon, whose preseason case of fumbitis doesn't seem to worry Houston a bit; Richie Lucas, Penn State's do-everything back who will play at half for Buffalo this year; Jack Lee, the sensational Cincinnati passer who is learning the pro trade behind Blanda; Ron Burton, Boston's brilliant running back from Northwestern; Fullback Jack Spikes (TCU), Halfback Johnny Robinson (LSU), Linebacker Marvin Terrell (Mississippi) and End Chris Burford (Stanford), all at Dallas; Houston's big fullback from Okla State, Bob White; and Buffalo Tackle Gene Grabosky of



NEW GENERATION'S Billy Cannon is Houston Oilers' big hope for future.

Syracuse, who now weighs 275 pounds.

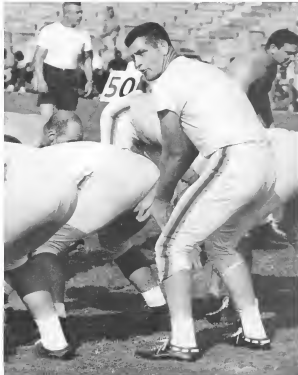
Eventually, sharing the cream of the crop with the NFL each year and with a free hand to choose the best of the rest, the AFL should grow up to the National Football League's stature. In the meantime, energy and enthusiasm and a lot of hard work may help hide the difference. American Football League players deeply resent the insinuation that they are something less than real pros and they are out to prove to everyone (including, one suspects at times, themselves) that this is not so.

If there is a major weakness infecting the whole league, it is the shortage of top-grade interior linemen, particularly on defense. "Good big men are just hard to find," says Dennit Morris, who spent two seasons with the 49ers and now has his work cut out in backing up a less than sensational line at Houston. "We'll just have to develop them as we go along, I guess." Because of this, the AFL is going to be an offense-minded outfit, particularly in its first year.

The three best

Most impressive of the teams in exhibition contests have been Los Angeles, Dallas and Boston. The Chargers have come up with a good quarterback in Jack Kemp, who played behind Bobby Layne on the Steelers. They have ex-Ram Waller, flashy Paul Lowe from Oregon State and Royce Womble at halfbacks, and a fine old fullback, Howie Ferguson, who has moved ahead of rookie Charlie Flowers, the All-American from Mississippi who first signed with the New York Giants. The Charger interior line, including Mix, Sam DeLuca, Orlando Furrante and Fred Cole, shapes up as the best in the league.

Dallas has perhaps more good rookies than any other team and a solid sprinkling of NFL pros. The first-year men, in addition to Jackie Spikes, Robinson (who played with Cannon at LSU), Marvin Terrell and Burford (who set pass-catching records at Stanford), are Linebacker Sherrill Hendrick of TCU, Defensive End Mel Branch of LSU and slick Abner Haynes of North Texas State at halfback. Max Boydston and Ed Bernet are two experienced offensive ends, and Paul Miller, the old Los Angeles Ram, may be the best defensive end in the league. There are Ray Collins, a former NFL all-league tackle, Guard



OLD GENERATION'S George Blanda, calling signals in scrimmage game, was a Chicago Bear quarterback for 10 years; is expected to give polish to Oilers' pro offense.

Sid Fournet and Defensive Backs Charlie Jackson (Cards) and John Bookman (Giants). Former Baylor Quarterback Cotton Davidson started slowly but has improved so much that Dallas was willing to send Dick Jamison, who played behind Unitas at Baltimore last year, up to New York to help out the Titans.

Boston, like Dallas something of a surprise, has the two good quarterbacks, Tommy Greene and Butch Songin, and a fine pass-catching end from the Canadian League, Jim Coleclough. Gerhard Schwedes, the Syracuse star, was a disappointment and has been traded to New York. But Ron Burton, who was possibly the best back in the Big Ten last year, may turn out to be the most exciting runner in the AFL.

Houston, Buffalo and Oakland shape

up as the middle teams. George Blanda, Lee of Cincinnati and Texas A&M's Charlie Milstead give the Oilers great depth at quarterback. White is barely ahead of Dave Smith (Ripon) and Doug Cline (Clemson) at fullback, while Charlie Tolar, who played with Northwest Louisiana and the Pittsburgh Steelers, filled in extremely well when Cannon was bothered by an injured knee. Hugh Pitts of TCU was good enough as an NFL rookie to move the Rams' huge Les Richter over; then he quit football to study for the ministry. Now Pitts is back and Houston has him. Dennit Morris is another fine Oiler linebacker. The secondary is good and in Mark Johnston, a rookie corner back from Northwestern, Houston may have

continued

one of the outstanding stars of the future. John Carson, the ex-Redskin end, is a fine receiver. But Houston's offensive line is weak.

Despite the presence of Tommy O'Connell and Richie Lucas at quarterback, Buffalo has not come up to expectations. Defensive Backs Billy Kimard and Bill Atkins and Ends Dick Brubaker and Tom Rychlee are all experienced pros. But the interior of the Buffalo line, while huge, is loaded with inexperienced athletes, and Lucas may be the only good running back Buffalo has. At Oakland, Erdelatz has come up with a real sleeper at quarterback, Tom Flores of COP. Kept out of both the NFL and Canada by a shoulder injury, Flores had given up football; then Erdelatz talked him into working on his passing, increasing the yardage carefully until he could throw hard again. Now Flores is all right—good enough, in fact, to keep Babe Parilli on the bench. The Raiders also seem to have plenty of defensive talent but hardly anyone who can run with the ball.

The weak teams are New York and Denver. Sammy Baugh's main problem, as one might guess, has been to find a passer. A number of candidates failed, and now Jamieson, up from Dallas, may turn out to be the man for the job. If not, the quarterback will be ex-Michigan Stater Al Dorow. Sid Youngelman, the old defensive tackle star for the Browns and Eagles, and ex-Giant Guard Bob Mischak are set in the middle of the line, but the offense has bogged down because of a shortage of blockers and running backs. Blanche Martin, the No. 1 fullback from Michigan State, and Don Maynard, a swiftie who spent one season with the Giants, may be the best the Titans have. Denver, which lost five exhibition games by big margins, has a horde of ex-Canadians led by Frank Tripuka at quarter, Halfback Bob Stransky and Fullback John Brodnax, and it is hoped they are hardly as bad as the scores show. Filchcock, experimenting, used 46 players in each of the early exhibition games, which could account for the one-sided results.

Regardless of how well the teams perform on the field, the owners are assured of regaining a big chunk of their \$1 million investment even be-

fore the season begins. An unusual television contract with ABC guarantees each team \$250,000 for the year. Advance ticket sales have been remarkably good, in the main, ranging from 4,000 (\$125,000) at Denver to 15,000 (\$400,000) at Los Angeles. There are those who say that Denver is the league's weakest franchise, primarily because it does not have behind it the tremendous wealth of the other seven clubs. But Rocky Mountain Empire Sports Inc., which is what Bob Howsam calls his group, has been operating the most successful minor league baseball franchise in the country for years. Because it

step without having to wonder where the next customer is coming from. The next customer is already there, shut out of the park in New York and Los Angeles and San Francisco (where Oakland will play) by sellout crowds. He is waiting anxiously at Houston, Boston, Dallas, Buffalo and Denver to see in person the kind of football he has been reading about and watching on TV for years.

Last year the NFL, which has been growing like a cyclone, averaged 43,617 customers at each of its 72 league games. The AFL can break even with just half that number. Denver can do it with 20,000. In Houston, where the



NEW YORK'S JACK KLOTZ, JOHN McMULLAN, JOE RYAN ARE TOUGH, BUT TEAM IS NOT

owns its own park, it has far less overhead than the others. And in Denver, as everywhere, the newspapers have blessed the new league with strong promotional support.

What the AFL counts upon most, however, is the popularity of pro football. It is in this area that the AFL differs so markedly from the old All-America Conference, an abortive attempt to cut in on the professional football dollar back in the days following World War II. The trouble then was that there actually weren't many pro football dollars. Today there are, and it is to the rival NFL that the AFL owes a deep vote of thanks. In pioneering professional football, in bringing it up from a grubby infant to a booming, lucrative giant of a business, the NFL created a market into which the AFL can now

Oilers have to pay heavy rental, plus renovation costs on a high school stadium, the figure reaches 25,000. At Dallas and Los Angeles, where AFL teams will play in the Cotton Bowl and Coliseum, respectively, rental costs and the promotional expense of combating NFL franchises run the attendance figure necessary to achieve financial success up to 30,000.

"We aren't quite that ambitious," says Bud Adams of Houston, who owns his own oil company and whose father owns large chunks of an even bigger one, Phillips 66. "If we can get 20,000 a game we'll be happy."

"Next year," points out Hilton, who owns 50% of the Los Angeles stock, "our operating expenses will go down. Teams which have had to pay for the expansion of stadiums will not be faced with that again. We

can carry much smaller preseason squads, since by then we will have a solid basis upon which to build; this year everyone had to look at all the football players he could get in order to find enough good ones. We won't have to furnish and equip offices, as we have had to do this year. And our attendance should rise. In three years we'll be operating in the black."

Whether or not the AFL approaches NFL quality on the playing field—and there are many who feel that only the expert will be able to distinguish any real difference—is not as important as whether the new league achieves a measure of balance within its own organization. Imbalance, as much as anything else, killed the All-America Conference; there was the unbeaten Cleveland Brown juggernaut at one end of the ladder, pursued more or less closely by the San Francisco 49ers, and such ragged have-nots as the Chicago Rockets and Miami Seahawks at the other.

The AFL owners are determined not to repeat this folly. They know there will be strong teams and weak teams. Superior coaching, more astute front-office management, sharper scouting and the luck of the draw invariably permit one group to rise above another. It will take a spirit of cooperation unheard of in professional sports to insure equality, within reasonable bounds, on the playing field, but the AFL has at least made a start. Gate receipts will be split 60-40, a big advantage to the weaker clubs. Oakland, last team to join the league, has been promised first choice of NFL rejects when the rival league cuts its squads. Trades, which were more like gifts, sent quarterbacks to the needy from teams overloaded with quarterbacks. Still, the men in charge of the AFL are human, too, and it would take less than a cynic to wonder how long this miracle of self-sacrifice can last. As Sid Gillman says, "Sure, we want the AFL to be balanced—but we prefer it balanced in our favor." And this theory of selfless devotion to a common cause would be more convincing if Denver should suddenly win a few games.

If the AFL actually succeeds in abolishing the weak links, then Houston, Boston, Buffalo, even Denver, face relatively few problems. The spectators are there—2,500 once turned out for an intrasquad scrim-

continued

You can perform better with a GUINNESS in the picture!



If you keep coming back for more... in your work, in your sports... you may be a Guinness® man. Now, Guinness stout is not all things to all men. For 200 years it has been recognized as an acquired taste. This dark, Irish brew, this almost-bitter flavor... takes getting used to. But brawny types who work hard and play hard... how they look forward to its goodness! Nothing gives you the same strength of flavor, mixed half-and-half with beer... and it's great straight!

GUINNESS®

A FULL-BODIED BREW FOR ABLE-BODIED MEN

IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



ALLIGATOR...the coat you'll live in anywhere, any weather

Wherever you find people, you'll find Alligator—America's most wanted coats! Alligator gives you the protection you need—the widest choice in fabric, fit and fashion you want. All wool worsted gabardines, smart fancy wools, colorful finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns, Kodel® polyester blends, Dacron® polyester blends—Dacron waterproofs, too. Unbeatable values, \$11.95 to \$70.75. At better stores.

BELOW: 100% DACRON POLYESTER, 100% WATERPROOF. Featherlight. Keeps you dry in drizzle or downpour. Sponges clean with ordinary soap and water. Carrying case included. \$14.95.

From the best name in all-weather coats and rainwear...



Alligator

All-weather coats



*Eastman T M.
†Depot T M.

THE NEW PROS continued

mage at Buffalo, while last weekend at Dallas a mob of 51,000 turned out to see the Texans beat Houston in a charity exhibition game, 24-3. It is in the cities where AFL teams will directly buck the NFL that the real test will come.

In Los Angeles, where the pro football appetite seems insatiable, the Rams have been unimpressive in recent seasons, even less impressive in 1960 exhibition games, and the strong young Chargers could well steal some of their followers. New York loves the Giants, but simple football hunger, abetted by curiosity and the desire to see someone play when the Giants are sold out—or on the road—could keep the Titans going until Harry Wisner and Sammy Baugh build up a team. New York is too good a market, particularly for television, for the AFL to permit a loser there.

The biggest test

But in a way the most crucial city is Dallas. It is there, in a city barely big enough to support one pro team in addition to SMU, that the AFL must prove its ability to produce good professional football entertainment under the most critical gaze. While the Dallas Texans have looked very good, so have the new Dallas Cowboys of the NFL. The Texans should have a winning season; the Cowboys probably will have a losing one, but only at the hands of such box-office wizards as Johnny Unitas, Bobby Layne and Frank Gifford. It is a tough nut to crack, and the AFL is fortunate that in Dallas they have the man to crack it—Lamar Hunt.

In his quiet, modest way Hunt is perhaps the strongest—as well as richest—of the men who have organized the American Football League. He has a tough, probing intellect, unquestioned integrity and a great deal of native stubbornness. "I don't know much about this football business," says a Dallas man, "but I know the Hunts. And I can tell you that if the AFL folds, the last man standing will be Lamar Hunt."

When informed that one of the old-line NFL club owners had predicted the AFL would last "just as long as that Texas oil money holds out," Hunt smiled and said, "I hope he doesn't hold his breath until we go broke."

END



"CATTLE MARKET," WHERE PLAYERS SELL TALENT TO TENNIS OFFICIALS, IS OUTSIDE SOUTH WEST HALL AT WIMBLEDON

'ADVANTAGE, RECEIVER!'

by JACK POLLARD

For 16 years, as a sportswriter for the Sydney, Australia "Daily Telegraph," Mr. Pollard has traveled the world covering international tennis. Here, in a chapter from his forthcoming book ('Advantage Receiver,' Macmillan), is the story, never before so bluntly told or so carefully documented, of what makes a tennis amateur run

In the ivy-covered grandstands at Wimbledon, where the world's outstanding tennis tournament is held, there is a corner entrance of special concern to the players. It is opposite the dressing room reserved for the top-seeded performers, and here the organizers of tennis events around the world talk terms with the stars they hope will boost their attendances.

The trick is to decide where you want to winter, and then to catch the eye of the official from India, the Caribbean circuit or one of the rich South American oil countries. There may be a good tournament in Lebanon, the Mediterranean resorts pay well—thanks to subsidies from gaming-house proprietors anxious to keep gamblers happy by day—and so do the German spa towns, if you want to cash

continued



YOUNG MARRIEDS Low and Jennifer Hood cleaned up on tennis tour in 1956.



OLD CAMPAIGNER Vic Seixas tried work, found he preferred amateur circuit.

TENNIS eastward

is on a good performance at Wimbledon. And, of course, you do.

This corner is officially known as the South West Hall, but one summer day while I stood there with Fred Perry, three times Wimbledon winner, he smiled benignly at the haggling going on around us and irreverently called it The Cattle Market. The remark made a famous player glance furtively over his shoulder.

"He's frightened we may hear how much he's going to get for playing somewhere," Perry said. Nearby, Teddy Tinling, Perry's rival in the styling and sale of tennis clothes, spoke to a young Swede who had made headlines the previous day.

"Teddy's going to offer him a few pounds extra to switch from my shirts and wear Tinling's," said Perry. Cheers floated over the wall to us from the center court, and we both looked to the electric scoreboard high up on the grandstand to see what had aroused the crowd. An also-ran player had just taken the first set from the man favored to win that year's title. "If that guy can win he won't go to Australia this year," Perry said of the also-ran. "He'll make too much money in Europe for it to be worthwhile."

Perry and I moved up the stairs into our places in the press box to watch the also-ran's bid for an upset. "What shirt is he wearing?" I said, unable to pick out the emblem on the player's chest through the glare of the sun. "Not mine," said Perry. "But if he wins this he will be."

A few games later the also-ran broke a racket string, and when he went to collect another racket from his gear behind the umpire's chair I saw the maker's name painted in big white letters on the waterproof cover. The sports goods firms tell their players to hold that lettered side of the racket cover out where the cameras will catch it as they leave or enter the court.

The tournament favorite reached high for a smash and hammered it down with such force that the ball bounced into the crowd. That ball made money for the firm whose tennis balls were used exclusively at Wimbledon, just as the gut which had propelled it over the fence did.

Jack Kramer came up the stairs next to the press box, looked anxiously at the scoreboard, then at the

players. As we watched the grim struggle, I tried to figure what it would cost the favorite financially if he lost. It worked out at a lot of money. Kramer probably would not want him as a professional, at least not this year. That would cost him a year's professional earnings he could never make up. His sports goods firm would not give him the salary raise or bonus they hand out to players who win at Wimbledon. His fees for using somebody's shirts, shorts and socks would slump.

Wrong shoes

Back out on the court, the favorite was having difficulty retaining his foothold. He glared down at the shoes which he was paid for wearing—shoes which a group of experts had spent hundreds of hours designing to meet just this kind of crisis.

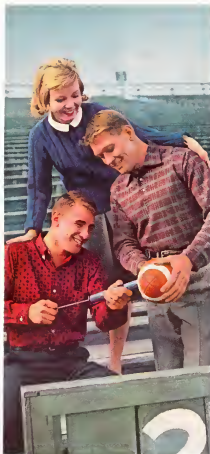
At this moment, an Australian player who had bet on the favorite shoved into the competitors' seats in front of the press box and leaned back to me and said, "I could have got 50 to 1 on this also-ran, but I'm still sure I did the right thing. Just wait till he starts to think how much money winning this will mean to him, and then watch him crack."

This is amateur lawn tennis, the sport in which it is always "advantage, receiver!" once a player gets out of the novice class. None of the payoffs to amateurs are new; they had been going on for 20 years before I stumbled on the game of lawn tennis. The outstanding English tennis critic, John Olliff, used to tell us in the pressrooms how officials bet Suzanne Lenglen's father £1,000 that she would not turn up for a tournament. Suzanne would show up and her father would pocket the £1,000. There is not a present-day official who would not be glad to pay if they could find a woman player worth £1,000 at the box office.

In the last few years, however, I think the players have become more candid than they have ever been about the illegal payments they receive for playing in amateur tournaments. These days they will tell you the sums they are paid, how they get it to their bank accounts back home, and they will joke about the dodges they use to delude officials, if any deluding is necessary.

In French daily newspapers they even publish accurate lists each year

continued



ARROW COLLEGE CLASSIC SHIRT (left), "Sanforized" broadcloth. Your exact sleeve length, 5.00. Arrow Knit (right) in your choice of 3 color combinations, 3.95.



ALFONSO-DON A COLLAR in traditional oxford University. Fashion. Back button and box pleat. Hubert pattern. "Sanforized" fabric, 5.00. Matching all-silk tie, 2.50. All-silk handkerchief, 2.00.



TAKE A LOOK at wide range of new Hubert stripings, with self-ties and snaps. "Sanforized" oxford fabric, 5.00. All-silk tie, 2.50. Matching all-silk handkerchief, 2.00.

Wherever you go  you look better in an Arrow shirt



CUM LAUDE is the famous Arrow line for young men on-the-way-up. Only traditional favorites in styling, tailoring and acceptability in every university and business circle are included in

the new and authentic collection for autumn.

Like all Arrow shirts, they're so well tailored, so neat, they look personally measured. See for yourself . . . at your Arrow retailer.

—ARROW—



TIME-PROVEN XPERT AND RANGER PUT POWER IN THE PATTERN...NOT ON YOUR SHOULDER

Tricky, twisting upland game demands speed from a shot shell—plus plenty of power to stop, drop and deliver the limit. Get Xpert or Ranger upland loads and see for yourself how perfect patterns make better shooting. And notice something else—the light recoil. It's scientifically produced by soft, cushiony wads that soak up the shock that other shot shells put on your shoulder. So load up with the upland loads that you know do the job best. Get on 'em with Xpert or Ranger and they're as good as in your gamebag.

Here's How The Exclusive Sealed Gas Chamber Works



Flanged skirt of the average Cap Wed expands against the barrel wall at the instant of firing—creates a gas leak. Power is lost before shot.



Soft Molds are gas escape during the gas leak through the firing case—leak the gas behind the shot column all the way down the barrel—prevents pattern destruction.



Pump breasted infusion of gas behind the wad shows the superior gas sealing action of the Super Seal Cap Wed—no power loss. Perfect patterns are yours.



- Super-Seal Crimp •
- Weatherproof Tube •
- Polished Shot •
- Molded Fiber Wad •
- Super-Seal Cap Wed •
- Powder •
- Super-Seal Cap Wed •
- Base Wad •
- Non-fading, non-corrosive primer •
- Brass Head •

CHECK
THESE
TIME-PROVEN
FEATURES



OLIN MATHIESON • WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION • NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

of the amounts paid players in the French championships at the Roland Garros. They make good reading. For example, one year I read that Maureen Connolly's prize was 400,000 francs (about \$1,100). Outside the French Federation offices at Roland Garros there were queues of players each year collecting daily allowances in excess of what the rules permit—if they had not already received a lump sum. When we asked René Mathieu, the Federation press officer, or Guy de Bazillac, the Federation president, if the figures in the papers were true, they looked at us as if we were crazy and said, "but of course, Messieurs."

Each year I would dutifully cable the figures to my Australian newspaper, and each year they would not publish them. They argued that we would not be able to prove a player received a certain sum if we were challenged in court. That will be a rare and entertaining court case, the first time a top-line amateur player gets into the witness box and faces cross examination on oath about his expenses.

Here and there over the years a player has admitted for publication that he received a big slice of money for playing a tournament, but the amateur officials are compelled to bury their heads in the sand until the fuss passes. Lew Hoad said in a television show in Sydney in November 1958 that he had once received £300 (\$840) from the secretary of the All-England Club, Duncan Macaulay, for playing at Wimbledon. His sports equipment firm met most of Lew's bills that year, so he had plenty of change from the £300 after a fortnight's play. Neither Macaulay nor Lawn Tennis Association of Australia President Don Ferguson knew anything about the £300 when questioned. Not many players are good enough to command £300 but there are few who last beyond the second round who do not receive sums far above first-class expenses.

The officials do not refuse to comment because they are diabolists but

because they appreciate the difficulties in relaxing amateur standards. In England, the proceeds of Wimbledon are vital to the Lawn Tennis Association and provide the major part of its revenue. Wimbledon pays no entertainment tax because it uses players who, technically at least, are amateurs. But it would be taxed if it used professionals, and this would

in lawn tennis for everyone to be paid, and thus the LTAA attitude in keeping professionals out is justified.

Wimbledon is the means for testing an amateur's drawing power. Play well there and you can cover all your expenses and make a little extra for the rest of the year. Win a title there and you can make a handsome profit for the next year. Perhaps because it

sets this stamp on a player's value I was always surprised to discover the All-England Club paid illegal sums to players. It did not seem necessary to pay a man to play there when he had to anyhow. But somebody has to pay the players' travel costs and other bills for the Wimbledon fortnight. Thus when South African Eric Sturges found it beyond his purse to make the trek to Wimbledon one year, the problem was overcome by a grant to the South African LTA.

Among those who travel to Europe by arranging their own trips, or having them organized by sports goods firms, the official Australian team always seems oddly nonconformist. The managers of these teams usually leave Australia on their world trips with the prices to be paid for the team's appearances settled in only a few centers. The one thing that is settled is the financial arrangement within the team itself. Juniors in the Australian teams are just as well off as stars with high crowd appeal; they all get 30 shillings a day for incidental expenses, and everything else is paid by the manager. Beyond that, the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia leaves

it to the manager to get the best deal he can for each tournament through on-the-spot bartering. There have been some very talented hagglers among the Australian managers.

The French Federation squirmed about the price for the 1958 Australian team under cagey negotiator Esca Stephens—£1,250 (\$3,500) for four players. The Federation said it was too high because two of the players were poor drawing cards, but the Federation had to pay. The same team took £2,000 out of the Wimbledon expense

continued



JOVIAL SHIRTMAKER Fred Perry, dancing jig after beating Tilden in 1941, pays stars to wear his product.

drastically reduce profits, which run into the tens of thousands.

In America, the USLTA legally ranks as a charity and is leniently treated by the income tax people. This is achieved by the use of the patrons system, which brings in generous donations, and the system would be hit heavily if the patrons could not get tax relief for their donations. In Australia, most officials don't think at all about the question of using professionals instead of amateurs. The one or two who have thought about it believe there is not enough money

pool, but when it returned home it showed a loss on the entire tour. In fact, no team has ever returned with a profit. On world tours teams lose money—but individuals make a profit.

Once a present-day Australian player achieves a reputation he prefers to tour by himself. That way he can pocket the £200, or whatever sums he receives from each tournament, instead of sending it to the LTAA. Naturally this setup causes the players to view skeptically the so-called honor of selection in their country's team. For if a player wants to go where he likes and arrange his own terms, it is best for him to be merely good rather than first-class and hence worthy of official team selection. The same has been true of the British team. Roger Becker, son of a South London taxi driver, was gleeful when he was sent home from America during a British team's tour. He knew he would do better on the expenses he could pick up around the South American tournaments than touring officially in Australia. "Luckiest break I ever had," Becker said.

It has also been good strategy among top-class players, particularly in Australia, to marry. For the LTAA has sometimes granted private tours on the excuse that they are honeymoon trips, but refused to

sanction similar trips for single men.

The tour that Frank Sedgman made in 1952 with his new wife, comely Jean Spence, was one of the most lucrative of all postwar "amateur" tours. Sedgman returned to Australia between £400 and £500 richer, after paying fares and expenses for two and allowing his wife frequent excursions into the shops which attracted her on the way. His best pay was \$1,000 for a major German tournament. For the rest he usually collected £200 or £300 and part of his round-the-world air fares or his air fare from the previous tournament. Lew Hoad, on tour in 1956 with his wife of a year, was very little behind Sedgman financially, but he missed the lucrative Caribbean events. On his second private amateur tour, in 1957, Hoad had a deal set for 400,000 francs in the French national championships. He lost in his first singles match to Jack Crawford's nephew, Neil Gibson of Sydney, and played three doubles—so his pay worked out to £100 a match.

That same year, Mervyn Rose, touring in South America, received \$1,000 a tournament with a guarantee of at least five tournaments. In addition to his skill at bargaining with tournament committees, Rose developed into the best trader of merchandise among the amateurs. His trading was based on buying tennis equipment in duty-free cities and

selling in countries with import tariffs. "I used to sell rackets in countries with import restrictions at an average price of £15," Rose said after he had turned professional. But because of statements like these, and others about the big profits Rose had made in trading racket gut, the sports firms now make a check on the gut taken from Australia by top-line players.

Wrong number

When they are not involved in trading, bargaining or actually playing tennis, the players back race horses or play poker. They often become so addicted to gambling that they skip eating when they return to their hotels at night so they can get straight into the poker game. At Barranquilla, in Colombia, stiff-backed Warren Woodcock, the Australian man-about-the-tournaments, decided to spend one afternoon playing the horses. Rose gave him a form guide and what he said was the telephone number of the local bookmaker, and Woodcock got down to work to pick some winners. An hour or so later when he phoned to place his bets the local sergeant told Woodcock he was out of luck. The form guide was three days old and the number that of the police station. Another time, when Rose and Woodcock arrived at a clubhouse with no playing cards, they were forced to



KING OF HAGGLERS in Erna Stephens, with stars Sedgman (left), McGregor.



UNDISCIPLINED KING Tony Trabert (above) was not called down by officials.

KING OF TRADERS was Mervyn Rose, who made fat profits selling racket gut.

play snakes and ladders—at a hefty \$14 a game.

Underneath the high-diving Roses, Sedgmans and Hoads at the top, the amateur scale runs down through players like Budge Patty, the handsome American who has maintained himself in Europe for almost a decade, and Vic Seixas, former U.S. singles champion. Both Seixas and Patty are worth \$140 to \$225 less per tournament than the top men. Their scale drops off to the big string of strugglers at the bottom. These are men and women who have to provide an upset to be invited to the next tournament, or only get their bills paid for them if they reach the semifinals. These are the players you see in the trains, clutching their rackets amid the press of people, while the top-seeded players ride out in sleek black cars sent by the organizing clubs. They live in the cheapest hotel rooms they can find, and they sit up at night in overland trains and buses because they can't afford sleeping accommodations. There is no welcoming committee or bouquets of flowers for them when they arrive, and after they have lost in the first or second round they often look wistfully over the fence at the guests who attend the cocktail parties on the lawns.

These are also the players who most frequently feel the lash of official discipline, for the men who run amateur tennis have always found it

easy to be firm with the strugglers. For example, there were the two Australian youngsters, Arthur Marshall and Bruce Francis, who used to enter two tournaments in the same week, knowing they probably would not survive much beyond the first or second round and might be lucky enough to pick up expenses from both. They had a few months' guerrilla warfare with LTAA officials to get approval of expenses which barely covered their bills—the same officials who sanctioned the payment of £5,400 to Frank Sedgman as a wedding present, in the belief it would keep him an amateur.

Wrong target

One year the USLTA banned second-raters Dorothy Head Knode, Irvin Deer/ma and Fred Kovaleski. They would have gained more respect by disciplining big-name players like Tony Trabert and Vic Seixas. Of Seixas, Wimbledon Champion Ted Schroeder said: "Seixas tried working and didn't like it, so for 17 years he worked the amateur racket."

Perhaps the most frequent target when amateur tours are pilloried is Jack Arkininstall, a gusty, chunkily framed Queenslander. Poor Jack—he kept bobbing up in the sports columns as the prize example of how to play amateur tennis and not work. Somebody had to be the scapegoat, but it was a pity that the man who

loved tennis more than anyone else I have ever met had to take the hammering Jack received. I have known him to play through his matches with blood running out of fungus-infected feet, unable to stop for fear of losing his expense money. He was, before they removed his amateur status, the king of the strugglers, the group which wove the free teas provided by tournament committees to save spending money on food and sleeps on the benches in the south of France to preserve a dwindling bank roll.

To make the money which would get him from one tournament to the next around the amateurs' "golden" circuit, Arkininstall sold racket gut, frames, shoes—anything—to follow players. "Arkie even sold mongoses to the Indians," South African Abe Segal told me once. "He's a phenomenal battler, a colossal lover of tennis." Arkie had to be. He was not good enough to command the high fees big-name amateurs received. And you often wondered why he bothered as you watched him at full stretch, years past his peak, limbs aching with fatigue. In the end, all he got out of it was a job as a professional coach.

Of course, not every struggler has taken the ups and downs of the amateur tour as seriously as Arkie. To Australian Mary Hawton the life of a touring amateur meant cocktails with a duchess one night and stale sandwiches and lemonade at a railway

continued



KING-MAKER Jack Kramer picks off big-gest winners for his professional tours.

AMERICAN QUEEN Maureen Connolly (right) was in demand for tournaments.



VAGABOND KING Budge Patty gets middle-income payoffs from tennis promoters.



SOCKS SHOWN: 85% DACRON POLYESTER FIBER, 15% WORSTED WOOL

THE FLAWLESS LOOK FOR FALL

DACRON®

POLYESTER FIBER

The look in socks this fall is luxurious, comfortable, irrefutable... the Flawless Look of "Dacron" polyester fiber. Socks containing "Dacron" scuff off wrinkles, tenaciously hold their crease, are an ideal fall weight. For the Flawless Look, choose socks containing "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont means like a dog not make believe or cheat. Enjoy THE DU PONT SHOW W 11:30P. ALL-POON, on CBS TR.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

HICKOK



tailors fall socks in a wide range of new patterns and shades. About \$15.95 at better stores.

TENNIS continued

station stall the next. "In 1958 I had dinner one night with Gloria Butler at a fabulous restaurant called The Pirate, on the cliffs at Monte Carlo," Mary says. "Violinists serenaded each table, and they told us Princess Grace had been in the night before. The lobsters for our dinner were caught in the sea below as we sipped our cocktails. The next night in Hamburg I pushed through a mob at a roadside stand to get a hot dog—and without mustard, too!"

Mary traveled with her husband Keith and the Houdes on a tour in 1956. Keith is a Sydney professional, but for a lark he entered in the Italian amateur championships, which Hoad eventually won. Keith lost in the first round to 6-foot 7-inch Orlando Sirola, but it's fun to guess what would have happened if he had won the tournament. Keith enjoyed amateur competition so much he entered the French championships a month later, too.

There were plenty of other colorful characters on the amateur circuit, from Mexico's Mario Llamas—who could string a tennis racket to perfect tension with his bare hands—to Lord Mexborough, who rarely got past the first round in any tournament but always turned up at the next. Italian Fausto Gardini confessed he hated staying too long in America for Davis Cup matches as it cost him appearance money back home. And Art Larsen, the unconventional American, sent his profits from a trip to a USLTA executive to bank for him at home.

Wrong proposition

All of them knew that no person can devote the hours of daily practice needed to stay in this league and still remain an amateur—a proposition so absurd that it should not need any debunking. Actually, amateurism is merely a muddled technical definition of status. I have spent hundreds of hours arguing this with officials like Harry Hopman, the celebrated drill master whose Australian teams have won the Davis Cup so often. Hopman and the others insist that strict amateurism exists, and they have defended the deceit by claiming, "It's for the good of tennis." My hackles rose each time I heard the phrase. They still do.

END



A TYPICALLY WARM SMILE LIGHTS FACE OF U.S. AMATEUR CHAMPION NICKLAUS

ONE WHALE OF A GOLFER

Big Jack Nicklaus, who is good enough to beat most pros, may become a second Bobby Jones

by RAY CAVE

HIS FRATERNITY MATES call him Blob-o, his neighborhood friends call him Whaleman and his wife has even called him Fat Boy, but no matter what you care to call him the U.S. has never had an amateur golf champion with quite the combination of competitive intensity and easygoing charm of big Jack Nicklaus.

See him, as on this week's cover, his lips pursed tight in concentration and his massive forearms whipping a clubhead through a shot, and you can understand how he won 29 of 30 matches against the world's best amateurs in 1959 and almost won the 1960 National Open against the best

professionals. Watch him play golf and you can well believe that he will succeed in his eventual goal: winning the U.S. and British Amateur and Open titles—becoming, in short, a second Bobby Jones.

Then see him on a Friday afternoon in the Heidelberg, a rathskeller near the Ohio State University campus, downing a Blatz beer with impressive gulps, clowning with his Phi Gamma Delta fraternity mates, and suddenly he is just another 20-year-old college junior from Columbus, Ohio who is more excited by the present than he is concerned with the future.

Jack Nicklaus (pronounced Nick-

lus) is a study in such contrasts. He displays a maturity in regard to his sport that many golfers never attain. "Golf," he says, and he means it, "is, above all, a game." Yet he also can be boyishly candid and exuberant. He was introduced to Vice-President Nixon recently at a large formal dinner. "Hey, Dad, come here," he shouted across the room to his father. "I want you to meet Dick Nixon."

He is so avid about golf that he played 18 holes on his wedding day, and he is so determined about it that he can say, "Hogan is the greatest hitter of the ball that ever played the

continued

THE BOATS THAT TOOK

65

YEARS TO BUILD!



"27" Flingship Deluxe Express

"27" Deluxe Sun Skiff Express



"35" Express Yacht



"18" Sports Runabout

OWENS is synonymous with value born of experience. Through years of specialized design and dedicated manufacturing the name OWENS has become identified with Advanced Styling, Top Performance and Longer Life (high resale value) Construction. From the beginning, in 1896, when Charles Councilman Owens built his first boat, and for 65 years thereafter, OWENS advanced manufacturing techniques and dedicated craftsmanship have consistently offered the public quality and the most boat for their money, without sacrificing the performance demanded by discriminating boatmen. After 65 years, OWENS today offers the safest, smartest, smoothest boats in its history. Today OWENS leads the industry in giving you the greatest boating satisfaction and pleasure. There is no substitute for experience.

OWENS today offers the safest, smartest, smoothest boats in the industry. One look at the sleek new models for 1961; one step aboard these quality-made beauties and you're sure to agree that you, the boating enthusiast, are the one benefiting most from OWENS' 65 years of boat building. Visit your OWENS dealer and see for yourself why there is no substitute for experience!


QUALITY

NAVAL ARCHITECTS
YACHT BUILDERS SINCE 1896



"29" Express Yacht

OWENS YACHT COMPANY, BALTIMORE 22, MARYLAND, DIVISION OF BRUNSWICK CORPORATION

SEE THE BOATS
THAT TOOK
65 YEARS TO BUILD
AT YOUR OWENS
DEALER TODAY!

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

THE ALL-STAR

Ty Stewart, **Head** Was
 The Real Men
 Robert Bates
 Bradley Bates & Wells, Inc.
 Robert Bates
 Al Bates, **Head** Was
 Chief & Lakes, **Owner**
 Gates Sales, Inc.
 P. J. and Mike, **Owner**
 Edward C. Kelly, **Owner**
 Edwards Motors & Supply
 Five Cities, **Manager**
 J. J. and Mike, **Owner**
 Griffin Motors, **Owner**
 Hubby Motors
 Johnson's One Stop
 P. J. and Mike, **Owner**
 The Riffin Co.
 Lakeland Motor Sales
 Lacey's Motors
 Larry's Motors
 McArthur Brothers & Son, Inc.
 Montgomery-Walker Road Sales
 Montgomery-Walker Road Sales
 Overland Road Sales
 Parkway Road Sales
 Ray's Family Supply Center
 Rockingham, **Owner**
 Self & Pomeroy, **Owner**
 Southwestern Michigan Sales
 T. J. and Mike, **Owner**
 Tall Oaks Motor Service
 Terry Motors, Inc.
 Turner Road Sales
 Turner Road Sales

LOCATION

[illegible]

YAGHTZ

作者地址:

The Best Machine, Inc.
Brammer Marine Supply Co.
Dad & Power Co., Inc.
D&P Tackle, Apparatus & Marine
Equipment Sales, Inc.
Fennell's City Market, Inc.
Hend Boat Sales
Jasperson Marine Supply Co.
Five Cities Marine
Jonas Boat Boat Works
Knealy's Boats & Motors
Midwest Charters
Messerschmidt Boats Sales
Pineport Outboard Sales
Rae Boats Marine
Simpson's, Inc.
Tux Boat Trail

LOCATION

Kewanee, Ohio
 Toledo, Ohio
 Cleveland, Ohio
 Cincinnati, Ohio
 MI: Clematis, Mich.
 MI: Clay Shaker, Mich.
 Jackson, MI
 Jacksonville, Ind.
 Madison, IL
 Jackson, Miss.
 Bay St. Louis, Miss.
 Berk Island, MI
 Ford St. Louis, IL
 Bay City, Mich.
 New Buffalo, Mich.
 Duluth, Minn.
 Summit Mills, Mo.

FLASHES

REFERENCES

[illegible]

APPENDIX

[illegible]

JACK NICKLAUS continued

game. But I should hit the ball as well as Hogan someday. Maybe better." And yet he can take the game so casually that he says, "I'd rather fish than play golf any day."

He can exhibit the gigantic lassitude of an elephant loolling in the sun. More than once he has almost slept past his tee-off time in tournaments. Yet he can be as tense as a stalking tiger. "I can't stand to lose any game, ever," he has said.

His friends say he is a practical realist. Yet Nicklaus is superstitious. He will play only with Titleist No. 5 golf balls. To get all the No. 5s he needs he has to order them direct from the factory.

Fury as a honey-suckle

He is said to be nervous. Leading the National Open on the 67th hole, he missed an 18-inch putt because of a ball mark on the green, yet seemed untroubled. But Barbara, his bride of a month, recalls his fury at missing a highway turnoff in Erie, Pa. on their honeymoon, and the wild 80-mph ride which followed. Here, perhaps, was one of the rare overt indications of the fires that burn in this placid-looking golden bear of a fellow, a hint at one of the facets of the per-

sonality that makes him a supreme competitor.

But, generally, it is not the hidden personality of Jack Nicklaus that excites the imagination so much as the way he hits a golf ball.

Above all, Nicklaus is strong. He is 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs anything from a relatively svelte 195 to a round 210. It usually is the latter, since he likes to quench his thirst between nines with three bottles of chocolate milk and isn't above having a side dish of French fries with a spaghetti dinner. He is all muscle. His thighs look as big as his waist, his arms as big as his thighs and his neck as big as them both. The very sight of him is enough to set football coaches drooling, though he has refused to play that game since junior high school because the season conflicts with golf.

When Nicklaus hits a drive he fairly explodes on the ball. He averages nearly 300 yards with towering shots that soar high and far like Babe Ruth home runs, then fall gently to the fairway. Few professionals outdrive him.

His long wood shots give him a special advantage in match play, putting pressure directly on opponents by forcing them to hit their approach shots to the green first.

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd



AT 19, NICKLAUS (FOURTH FROM LEFT) GETS EARLY LESSON FROM PRO JACK GROUT

FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE ON
ALL MODELS WRITE TODAY TO:
DEPARTMENT S-1



The man who turns the wheels of progress...

seems to be making excellent progress in all areas. The book and the girl shall remain anonymous. But the sportshirt is instantly identified as University RowTM—Manhattan's famous series in the Ivy tradition. For all their easy and casual ways, these shirts take a lot of making. We turn many wheels to find the right colors and patterns—distinctive and unusual, yet characteristically Ivy. We put in a world of time on those hardly-noticed tailoring details which firmly mark the shirts authen-

tic. And every University Row sportshirt is "contour cut" for clean and precise lines at the waist. This handsome washable cotton print, only \$5.95. Priced slightly higher in the West. The Manhattan Shirt Company, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y., makers of shirts, sportswear, pajamas, underwear, handkerchiefs and Lady Manhattan[®] Sportswear.

Manhattan[®]

I just
discovered
how easy
it is to rent
a car from

HERTZ



Here I am, the chairman of the board, yet I had no idea how simple it is to rent a car from Hertz! All I needed was my license and identification, and in just a minute I was on my way. The low Hertz rate includes everything—insurance, gas and oil (even when you buy it on the road). And Hertz has more offices—conveniently located *everywhere*.



Just call your local Hertz office in advance to reserve a spanking new Chevrolet or other fine car anywhere!



Hertz rates are surprisingly low! New Chevrolet sedans rent for \$10 a day and 10¢ a mile nearly everywhere.



Hertz rents sparkling new, sparkling clean Chevrolets and other fine cars

HERTZ puts you in the driver's seat!



Charge Hertz service with your HERTZ AUTO credit Charge Card, Air Travel, Rail Travel, Hotel Carriage Service, American Express, Traveler's Club or other accepted charge card.



NICKLAUS SR. TOOK UP GOLF FOR HEALTH

JACK NICKLAUS *continued*

anybody. But Nicklaus is playing very well right now, easily winning the Colonial amateur just last week, and has an excellent chance of duplicating his 1959 National Amateur victory. If for no other reason, there is his determination.

"Some people say it's O.K. to lose if your opponent has a hot round," says Nicklaus. "Phooey on that. I hate to lose—period. If a guy is going to shoot a 10 under par I am going to shoot an 11 under par.

"People ask me if I got a thrill out of finishing second in the Open this year [his 282 was the lowest score ever shot by an amateur in the National Open]. It wasn't a thrill. I didn't win. Nobody ever remembers who finished second at anything."

Equally as interesting as Nicklaus' ability to play winning golf is his resolve to remain an amateur in an era that tends to heap its greatest plaudits on professionals.

He was asked about this the other day across a tuna salad sandwich in the grill of the Scioto Country Club in Columbus, his home course. Basically shy, he didn't want to talk about it much, just as he never cares to talk about himself. But because he is friendly and, above all, a gentleman, he explained.

"Any golfer would like to be a Bobby Jones," he said, "and have enough money to play as an amateur but still be good enough to beat the pros. For me, golf has to be a game, not a business. It is a sport, a com-

continued

Even tough hides need Noxzema Instant Lather



The closer you shave the more you need Noxzema

Close shaves throw your face for a loss? Try Noxzema Instant Lather! It lets you shave close *without* irritation. Protects you even from today's extra-sharp razors with Noxzema's famous medicated skin care formula. Noxzema is really creamy, too. Soothes and protects your skin.

Saves money while it saves skin. Noxzema is concentrated... gives you up to 50% more lather per can. Try it today. Also in Brushless and Lather.



Ordinary lathers can't hold up pencil, often let your whiskers droop, too. So your razor snags and pulls.

Creamy extra-rich Noxzema holds up your whiskers as it does this pencil. You shave closer—without irritation.

MENTHOL USERS: Now you can also get famous Noxzema Instant Shaving Lather with extra-cooling menthol added.





Good Country,
Arizona

AN AMERICAN THEME

Bourbon Supreme

Straight Bourbon Whiskey
50 Proof

"The Bourbon That Named Itself"

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO., INC. • New York, N. Y. • Pekin, Ill. • Sausalito, Calif.

Don
January

A member of
the Rawlings
Advisory Staff



DON JANUARY
Autographed Clubs by
Rawlings

More
and more the
choice of the
young pro!

RAWLINGS SPORTING GOODS CO. • St. Louis
New York • Los Angeles • Dallas • Chicago

When you
DINE Italian,
WINE Italian with
RUFFINO

Italy's Prize
CHIANTI
Red or White

Schweitzer & Co
New York
Importers
Since 1794



AN APPLAUDING NICKLAUS stands next to Bobby Jones, the golfer he most admires.

JACK NICKLAUS continued

petition to be enjoyed. If I can find a way to make enough money and still play topflight golf, I will always be an amateur."

Nicklaus, who is well acquainted with the hard life of the pros, is also well aware of what it costs to play in the big tournaments as an amateur. His father, L. Charles Nicklaus, a pharmacist and part owner of four Columbus drugstores, has financed him to date. Last year's expenses were \$5,000. "Dad feels that a dollar spent on my golf was a dollar well spent," says Jack. "I agree. The game has helped me be a better person. But pretty soon I've got to start paying my own way. I think I can."

Jack's remarkable golf career began 10 years ago, largely because his father fractured an ankle.

Built on even more heroic proportions than his son, the elder Nicklaus, whose only nickname is a prosaic Charlie, was an 11-letter athlete in high school and a tennis champion after college. But it was at volleyball that he broke his ankle, and to golf that he turned to strengthen it.

Since he could play only three holes at a time, he took Jack along as company. Jack liked the game, and his father enrolled him in a group class



and Vice-President Nixon at a golf winners' banquet held in New York this year.

being given by Scioto pro Jack Grout. Mr. Nicklaus has paid his son's golf bills since then, though he is not a particularly wealthy man. He has also encouraged his son, but not pushed him, and has shared in the pleasures of his victories without attempting to share the publicity as well.

"Hit the ball as hard as you can," was Jack Grout's unusual advice to his group of beginners back in 1950. "We'll hit it straight later."

"Right from the start," he recalls. "Jack could hit the daylights out of a golf ball, and pretty straight, too."

Nicklaus first broke 70 when he was 13, qualified for his first National Amateur at 15 (he hasn't missed one since), won the Ohio Open at 16 and the National Jaycee title at 17.

One of his worst but most memorable rounds was in a celebrity tournament in 1954 in which he played with Patty Berg. Obviously sick, he insisted on finishing. The next day he came down with nonparalytic polio. His younger sister Marilyn, then 11, the only other Nicklaus child, was afflicted, too.

In his early years Nicklaus practiced golf constantly. He might just as well have become a football or baseball player if he could have found other boys who would practice those

continued

**NOTHING
MORE
FITTING
FOR LOAFING**

jiffies®
by HOLEPROOF®



Get your relaxing license here! Soft knit tops and the exclusive deep foam sole start open season for comfort.

Many styles and colors including insulated fabrics. All MACHINE-WASHABLE!
\$2.95 - \$3.95

At Leading Stores Everywhere

HOLEPROOF®

HOLEPROOF CORP., Marietta, Georgia • ANOTHER FINE KAYSER-ROTH PRODUCT



Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.



Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J & B

**RARE
SCOTCH WHISKY**

"World's Finest" 55 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

& BROOKS

Imported by
THE PARSONS
CORP.
630 Fifth Avenue
New York 20

JACK NICKLAUS continues

sports as much as he wanted to. "They just wouldn't work at the games," he says. "In golf I was on my own. I could practice and play all I wanted, and that meant all day every day."

But by the time he got to college he found he could get his game at its competitive peak with only four days of practice, and he stopped being a golfing machine. He got good grades (B average) in the prepharmacy course of study he took, reveled in football weekends—he hasn't missed an OSU home game since he was 5—and began dating Barbara Bash, the tall, attractive blonde he married last July 23.

At college he became a good, albeit overbold, bridge player. He took on such fraternity duties as being chairman of Hell Week, and last year found a new love, fishing.

"I never catch a thing," he says. "I don't understand it. I'm as good a fisherman as most people, but I don't catch fish."

His travel to golf tournaments, including last year's trip to England with the U.S. Walker Cup team, has lengthened his stay at college. He still needs six quarters to graduate and hasn't yet decided whether to pursue his pharmacy education or add more business courses to his curriculum and not become a pharmacist after all.

A scene with fidgety Deane

But his travel has been educational, and not without its amusing moments, too. He tells of sharing a hotel room with his friend, fidgety little Deane Beman, the 1959 British Amateur champion. "Deane is always tinkering around with his game," says Jack. "Early one morning I hear this funny tap, tap, tap by my bed. It's Beman taking little swings with a golf club and muttering, 'I've got it, I've got it.'"

One of Jack's best friends and his favorite playing partner among the young amateurs is Ward Wetlaufer. This pair has won 25 matches, formal and informal, without ever being beaten. This spring, before the Masters, they took on Coe and Billy Joe Patton in a classic struggle at Augusta.

At the end of the first nine Jack and Ward had shot a fantastic 30, but were only even with Patton and Coe. They were two holes behind after the



WORLD'S
COOLEST
LIGHTEST
DRIEST
PIPE

FALCON

Never smokes hot. Never needs a pipe cleaner. No soggy heel, no bitter slap, no dry-out. Weighs 1 ounce. Interchangeable bowls of finest imported briar. **FALCON**, straight aluminum stem, gift case, \$3.95. **HUNTER** by Falcon—straight or bent shank stem, anodized black, brown, aluminum, gift case, \$5.00.

CESSNA WATCHERS GUIDE

LOOK FOR THE PICTURE WINDOWS!

Cessna's large, wrap-around windshield and big windows assure top visibility for pilot and passengers!

Cessna Aircraft Co. • Wichita, Kansas

BVI FAMOUS ELECTRIC PAINT SPRAYER

Easiest way to paint, varnish, enamel, spray plants, moth-proof fabrics. Completely automatic—just plug in and pull trigger. Adjustable for heavy or light spray. Easy to clean. Built-in motor, powdered nozzle, 24-oz. jar. No extra to buy. Product of Burgess Vibrocentres, Inc., Graylake, Ill. At paint, hardware and department stores.



costs less than a good brush

only
\$12.95

15th, then birdied the last three holes to win. Nicklaus had a 66 that day, a better round than any professional had in the Masters.

A lot of fun and some superb golf behind him, Jack Nicklaus stood the other day in front of his new \$22,000 Cape Cod house in the Columbus suburb of Upper Arlington and considered the challenge—to remain an amateur—he had set for himself.

"The down payment on the house was a wedding present from my parents," he said. "From here on out Barbara and I are pretty well on our own. First, we both have to finish school."

Grab grass in his future

"I've got a job selling insurance. I like the work, and I am considering making a career of it. I went to this insurance company; they didn't come to me. When the boss hired me he said, 'I don't want any barnacles in this company.' That suits me fine. I'm working on straight commission, and being on my own hours will let me finish school and play golf too."

"The way I figure it I'll eventually have to make \$25,000 a year to be able to afford to play golf in the major tournaments. That's a lot, but I think it will work out."

Nicklaus suddenly frowned. He scuffed his foot angrily at a bit of crab grass growing onto his sidewalk.

"I trimmed this perfectly two weeks ago," he said. "Now look at it." Another irritation came to mind. "Two of the car windows won't roll up," he said, looking toward his Buick convertible. "Wish it had happened two months ago. Dad would have paid for it."

But then he smiled, golf's golden bear again. "I really want to win the big ones as an amateur," he said. "The Open, the PGA and, most of all, the Masters."

There may be a subconscious reason for Nicklaus' wanting to win the Masters.

Bobby Jones gave the tournament to golf. It is Jones himself who each year presents the winner with the Masters' green coat that no amateur has ever won but which all golfers covet.

One of these years there just could be a Masters champion named Blob-o. He's a big boy, Mr. Jones. Tell the tailor to have plenty of green cloth ready.

END



Style news in wool sweaters...by

Wear this new convertible collar slipover with the collar out, as shown... or in, making it a basic v-neck sweater in bulky textured knit. Good example of Pendleton's new line of fashion sweaters. All Pendletons, of course, are virgin wool for comfort and vitality. 14.95

always
virgin
wool
Pendleton

nothing
measures
up to
Wool

For Men Who Play in the Big League



Pennant-Winning WEEJUNS* by BASS

This is the shoe that eases you with perfect aplomb from home to conference to ball park to evening-in-lows; the simple, elegant slip-on that takes your work-and-play day in comfortable, leisurely stride.



Originators of WEEJUNS®

*T.M. Reg.

G. H. BASS & CO., 179 Main Street, Wrentham, Maine

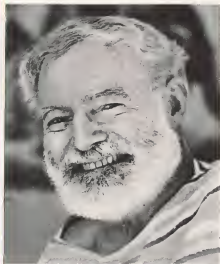
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED September 12, 1963

55

A New Work by
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
now appearing in

LIFE

THIS man is one of the greatest writers in the world today, a winner of both the Nobel and Pulitzer prizes. Now Ernest Hemingway has completed his new book, *The Dangerous Summer*. Thirty-five thousand words of it are appearing *first* in LIFE—which brought you, in its issue of September 1, 1952, first publication of Hemingway's diamond-perfect *The Old Man and the Sea*. In part one of *The*



Dangerous Summer Hemingway told of his return to Spain, a land he had not visited since the Spanish Civil War. In the second installment he traces the course of a bitter rivalry between two master matadors of modern-day Spain, Dominguin and Ordóñez, for supremacy in the bull ring, a contest that drove one of them closer and closer to his own destruction. You will find *The Dangerous Summer* one of the great reading experiences of your life.



HARVEY PENICK, Country Club of Austin, Texas

Tip from the Top

Crispness in the short game

FUEL AND CRISPNESS in the short game are all-important and also very closely correlated. To attain crispness, and thus gain feel, I find two techniques very helpful.

The first is to assure that the backswing and the follow-through are approximately the same length. Beginners and high-handicap players often have an exaggerated backswing with an abrupt, choppy follow-through. They are inconsistent, as a rule, and subject to a variety of bad shots. Among low-handicap players, however, a too short backswing (which makes for an overly long follow-through) is surprisingly prevalent. Why this should be I don't know, except, maybe, that the better player thinks that shortness produces decisiveness. Frequently, unfortunately, the desired crispness is never achieved, and the backswing becomes shorter and shorter.

My second pointer on feel and crispness concerns mainly the average player and beginner. They should remember that the shorter the approach shot the farther down the grip one holds the club.

One final thought on this matter of getting your backswing and follow-through about the same in length: remember that this applies to pitches, chips, long putts and short putts—nothing else.



The gin that needs no label

Coates Original PLYMOUTH Gin is made only in historic Plymouth, England, near the soft upland water of Devon so essential to its distinctive taste. Plymouth Gin is an original recipe and the flavor is unmistakable, eloquent, without being aromatic.

Once you've tasted the distinctive flavor of Coates Plymouth Gin you can tell it anywhere, anytime—whether it's served to you straight, in a martini or on the rocks. And ever afterwards you'll recognize Plymouth by its most distinguishing trademark—the flavor.

COATES

Plymouth
Gin IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

Note: Regulations require the label on all bottles of more than 100 ml. But on these who know the taste of Plymouth, no label is needed.
Distilled Gin 84.4 Proof 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.



Crozier creamed 'em

Sharp in Chicago, the new 2-year-old challenger now faces tests over distance

For the last 15 years, ever since he won the 1945 Kentucky Derby with the first horse (Hoop, Jr.) he ever owned, Fred W. Hooper has been coming up with some of the fastest 2-year-olds in racing. Last week at Chicago's Arlington Park this fall,

turity. He finally took it by only a length from Intensive, but the speed he displayed along the way to a new track record of 1:15 1/5 marks him as something pretty special—at least until the later distance events come along and a rich race can also be called a conclusive one.

The only reasonable conclusion to be drawn now is that Hooper's colt can take the lead and hold it against a single serious challenge. Intensive

Does Crozier have the potential to become more than simply a speedster? "Well, how can you tell on breeding alone just how far any 2-year-old will want to go?" says Hooper. "This colt is by My Babu, who won the English 2,000 Guineas at a mile, and he's out of one of my Olympia mares, Miss Olympia, who never raced much—but that was because I wanted to put many of the Olympias in stud as early as possible." So, on the record at least, Crozier is not bred to run off with too many mile-and-a-half races. My Babu was strictly a middle-distance racer in England. Olympia could be a holy terror—but only at distances around a mile.

None of this particularly bothers Hooper, who, already the owner of one of the country's most evenly balanced stables, says with some real conviction, "Crozier looks like a classy colt, and he might easily be the best I've had in a long time. He's also just as manageable a horse as a man ever owned. From here we go to New York for the Futurity and the Champagne, then on to the Garden State. We may not win 'em all, but at least we can't be accused of overracing. This was only the colt's fifth start."

There were two disappointments at Arlington. First, Pappa's All, the California contender, didn't even get to the starting gate. Second, Calumet Farm's Beau Prince, who did get there, quickly demonstrated such disdain for the whole business that he ran out of the money.

Pappa's All, winner over Crozier in the Arlington Futurity, suffered an ankle injury that likely will keep him idle until Santa Anita. But Beau Prince had no such excuse. "In fact," says Trainer Jimmy Jones, who is looking to this solid chunk of horse to be his leading triple crown contender next spring. "Beau Prince is as sound as a bell, which I guess is pretty unusual these days. I've never had him really cranked up until now, and unless I'm awfully wrong he's going to improve from here on. He's had six starts, and he may get four or five more in the East this year. But remember, Calumet is used to racing on a paying basis, and I don't exactly sneeze at the big pots either."

Something else not to be sneezed at is Beau Prince's breeding. He's by Bull Lea out of a mare named Typhoon. And Typhoon's daddy was an old fellow named Whirlaway. **END**



PULLING AWAY FROM INTENSIVE, CROZIER (RIGHT) WINS WASHINGTON PARK FUTURITY

quiet construction company executive from Coral Gables, Fla. was at it again. The best young colt in his barn—Crozier—showed Midwestern racing fans that if any 2-year-old is going to take the juvenile championship away from Hall to Reason in the next few months he is likely to be the one.

Crozier did not have an easy time winning the rich (\$216,944) Washington Park six-and-a-half-furlong Fu-

held on all the way to the eighth pole when he finally cracked and permitted Crozier to run away alone. Along the way, Crozier ticked off fractions of :22 1/5 for the first quarter, :44 2/5 for the half and 1:09 even for six furlongs. That's moving right along on anybody's track—although it must be said that on the same day \$6,000 claimers were in 1:09 2/5 for three-quarters of a mile.



SPORT SHIRTS SHOWN: 80% "ORLON" ACRYLIC FIBER, 20% WOOL

The fun is in the wearing **ORLON**[®]

ACRYLIC FIBER

Made for fun... knit shirts of 80% "Orlon"[™] acrylic fiber and 20% wool. They're luxuriously light, superbly comfortable, keep their trim shape through active wear. "Orlon" makes them easier to wash... no special care needed to prevent shrinking or stretching. They'll be your favorite shirts for a long time to come... wear them in fun!

*Du Pont is trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Revere



creates handsome knit sport shirts of "Orlon" and wool in many fall shades and patterns. Right, about \$6.95... left, about \$5.95, at fine stores everywhere.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERS, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.



enjoy the true
old-style Kentucky Bourbon
always smoother because it's slow-distilled

EARLY TIMES

© 1971 E.T.D.

The 19th horse

After a winless season, Joe O'Brien's Blaze Hanover took the biggest prize of all

IN THE FIELD of 19 starters that moved slowly up behind the gate for last week's 35th and richest Hambletonian, 18 had won a race of one kind or another this season. The one that hadn't was a big, powerful chestnut colt named Blaze Hanover, trained and driven by Joe O'Brien of Shafter, Calif. Yet, to the crowd of more than 25,000 suffering in the 92° heat at Du Quoin, Ill., and probably to harness racing fans everywhere, Blaze Hanover was the sentimental favorite.

Just a few months ago trotting experts were generally agreed that Blaze would win this 3-year-old classic. He had been the highest-priced trotting

yearling sold at auction in 1958 (\$27,000) and had become the outstanding 2-year-old of his generation, with record earnings of \$142,652. Early this spring, however, Blaze developed a severe quarter-crack in his right front hoof, and it seemed doubtful that he even would be a starter at Du Quoin. When he finally got to the races in late July, he not only lost in seven successive starts but broke stride in four of them. The competitive zip, stamina and heart-stirring courage that had brought him so many victories and loyal fans had all, apparently, deserted him.

This likelihood encouraged many owners and trainers who ordinarily would not have dared to race against a sound Blaze to crank up their 3-year-olds and aim for the Hambletonian. In a wide-open field, racing

luck might well decide the winner.

Two trotters took over the role of favorite in the weeks immediately before the Hambletonian. The first was K. D. Owen's Uncle Sam, who won four straight races, and the second was the filly Elaine Rodney, who won six. The draw for Hambletonian post position went just fine for Elaine Rodney and Uncle Sam. Elaine drew post two and Sam drew post four. Eighteen post positions were quickly drawn, and the best position of all—No. 1—remained in the box. It went, therefore, to the horse whose driver had not drawn. That horse was Blaze Hanover. Joe O'Brien was so discouraged by his recent luck that he didn't even bother to attend the drawing.

Shortly after it was completed, O'Brien walked up to the desk clerk at the motel where he was staying at Du Quoin and this conversation followed:

Clerk (*kiddingly*): Well, you had pretty bad luck in the draw, didn't you?

O'Brien: Don't know.

Clerk: Don't kid me, Mr. O'Brien. A smart horseman like yourself knows everything.

O'Brien: No, I don't know.

Clerk (*taking a mimeographed list*

continued



ALL-OUT IN STRETCH, O'BRIEN (FOREGROUND) URGES BLAZE HANOVER TO VICTORY IN THREE-HORSE RACE OFF OF HAMBLETONIAN

4 common complaints of men who wear clothes...



...and how to get rid of them

Not the clothes — the rubbing and chafing they cause. Just dust yourself, neck to toes, with Mennen Bath Talc after every shower. Mennen talc helps absorb perspiration—forms a protective shield between you and your clothes. Keeps you chafe-free all day. Keeps you fresh, too, thanks to Permatec, Mennen's remarkable deodorizing ingredient. Better pick up a can for home, another for your locker, today.



M STOPS CHAFING ON THE SPOT

HARNESS RACING continued

from his pocket): Here, have a look for yourself.

O'Brien: Hmmm!

That evening Joe O'Brien and most of the other drivers in the Hambletonian were honored guests at a garden party. Everyone congratulated Joe on his good fortune in the draw, and Joe said, "Thank you kindly." A perennial leader on the Grand Circuit—he has topped its winning-drivers list for five of the last six years—Joe had experienced a miserable season because of a virus which hit his stable early last spring. In fact, he hadn't driven 10 winners on the circuit this year and was not listed among the top 10 drivers for the first time since anyone could remember.

But Joe O'Brien did have something encouraging to say about Blaze Hanover. "He has had one good race this year. Well, not really a good race but a good half mile. Up at Sedalia [Missouri] I caught him going a half mile in :57 3/5 and that, I guess, is what is making me keep him in the race. I've spent most of the year training him slow miles." O'Brien smiled his tiny smile and said, "If I get any kind of luck I might be able to make a horse race out of this thing after all."

Late in leaving

In the first heat of the Hambletonian it didn't look as if Blaze was going to do a thing. Despite his favorable post position, he didn't leave the gate particularly well, and after a quarter of a mile he was ninth. After three quarters of a mile he was seventh and apparently not moving at all. In the last quarter O'Brien and Blaze finally began to cover ground along the rail, and at the top of the stretch a hole opened for them and they slid through. Elaine Rodney was also moving, and the two went under the wire together, with Quick Song just inches away. After eight long minutes of subdued buzzing in the stands, while the judges examined the photo finish, it was announced that Blaze had won by the shortest of noses. Elaine Rodney had beaten Quick Song by another nose. "Well," said Joe O'Brien back in the paddock, "it isn't over yet."

In the second heat Blaze hit the wheel of another trotter's sulky and went into a break in the stretch. "I



WINNER'S TROPHY and a bouquet from the Hambletonian queen bring typical shy smile to Driver O'Brien's face.

had a chance," said Joe, "and I goofed it up."

The third heat went to the long shot, Hoot Frost, who had finished fifth in the first heat and 13th in the second. For the first time in 26 years, and only the third time in its history, the Hambletonian would be decided in a fourth heat, since the winner must finish first twice. Blaze, Quick Song and Hoot Frost were in a three-horse race-off.

Joe O'Brien stood quietly in the paddock, looking over his rivals. Then he looked at Blaze. "He's tired," O'Brien said, "but he's got to go again. I hope he's ready." As the horses left the gate, Hoot Frost broke stride, and O'Brien, the master of just such a situation, quickly took Blaze to the front. He slowed the pace down (:33 2/5 at the quarter, 1:08 1/5 at the half, 1:43 at the three quarters). Then he went all-out, rocking back and forth in the sulky with each of Blaze's strides in the style that is his trademark. He used the whip, something he seldom does, throughout the stretch, and he forced the tired but immensely courageous Blaze to go the fastest final quarter in Hambletonian history (:27 2/5) to win by a desperate nose.

Everyone stood and applauded Joe O'Brien, and when he was handed the huge Hambletonian trophy he asked for someone to help him hold it because he was "awful tired." He was given the silver bowl that goes to the winning driver and shook hands all around. He talked to the press until the grandstand had been cleared of spectators. Then, with his gold and white jacket unbuttoned, the silver bowl in his left hand, he walked slowly down the length of the long stretch toward the stable area. He looked to the left and the right to make sure that no one was watching him and then he jumped high in the air.

At Du Quoin also, the performance of two 3-year-old pacers was something to behold. In the Geers Stake, Bullet Hanover beat Dancer Hanover in straight heats, and even though these two were the only ones to face the starter they displayed qualities which elevate them far above the rest of the pacing colts.

Bullet, who must be considered the favorite for the Sept. 22 Little Brown Jug at Delaware, Ohio, won the first heat in 2:30 1/2 (with a last quarter in :27 3/4) to beat Dancer by a nose. He had little trouble with Dancer in the second heat, however, when he ripped off a mile in 1:57 3/8. Johnny Simpson, who trains, drives and is a part owner of Bullet, said after the second heat, "By the time the Jug comes along he'll be even sharper than he was today."

Countess Adice, the marvelous pacing filly who won this spring's Messenger, rolled to her 14th straight in the \$25,000 mile-and-a-quarter Governor's Cup at Roosevelt Raceway Saturday evening. Del Miller, her driver, sent the Countess right to the front from the No. 8 post position and she stayed there throughout. Normally the Countess comes from behind, but this time she carried the target and Miller eased her to the finish line a winner by three quarters of a length.

It is too bad that Bullet and Countess will not meet in the Jug. Miller failed to nominate his filly. Next year, however, we should see some tremendous races between these two. Simpson and Miller, close friends and both superb trainers and racing tacticians, are certain that each has the better horse. Harness fans can hardly wait for their first meeting.

END

Take it from

Frank Gifford

sportsman and star pro halfback



"Waterproof boots of SYL-MER treated leather really keep your feet dry!"

(formerly Sytess)

"I've learned a leather boot can't be waterproof without two things:

1. SYL-MER® treatment for water repellency plus free-breathing comfort, and
2. Watertight construction with all seams sealed against leakage."

To be sure your feet stay dry while hunting or on the job, insist on boots with the SYL-MER tag. It's your assurance that the manufacturer has taken special care to make the boot truly waterproof. It also means the leather will stay soft and flexible, even after repeated wrappings.

DOW CORNING CORPORATION, MIDLAND, MICHIGAN.

© T. M. Dow Corning Corporation



Water-tight! Feather-light!

WOLVERINE

Leather Boots

Soft, supple, Syl-mer tanned. Water-tight as leather boots can be. Lighter than ordinary boots for all-day comfort. Made in 4 widths to assure you exact fit.

Wellington Style, around \$30
6-inch Boot, around \$17.

For name of nearest retailer, write Wolverine Shoe & Tanning Corporation, Rockford, Michigan



1 THE WING-OUT follows early chest and shoulder exercises for lung expansion but lets the baby do most of the exercising himself. Begin with the baby in prone position, secure his grip in your own and gently stretch and raise his arms.

Curiosity's challenge

**Halfway to walking, the
6-month-old baby exercises
mind and muscles together**

Photographs by Suzanne Scott

AT 6 months, a baby is still partially isolated in a private world of his own. But at this halfway point in his growth toward independent mobility he is able to reach out and grasp occasional portions of the outside world—and every part of that world which swims into his ken becomes a challenge. He meets these new-found stimuli with an endless offensive of exploratory arms, legs, fingers, toes and taste buds.

Exercises for the inquisitive 6-month-old are therefore designed to

present continual new challenges, at the same time strengthening and making more flexible those muscles he will need to meet them. In this process the more freedom the baby is given for trial and error the better he will like it, the more fun he'll have and the better it will be for him.

Here, in contrast to the more limited scope of his earlier months (SI, May 2 et seq.) young René Pouteau (above and right) is demonstrating at just over 6 months some vast new gains in strength and agility.



2 SWAN ARCH helps baby strengthen upper back and neck. A month earlier baby would hang limp in this position.



3 WHEELBARROW strengthens shoulder girdle, muscles which too often prove a weakness in U.S. children.



4 ANKLE rotation increases flexibility, adds strength for walking. Turn the baby's toes out, then in. Repeat 10 times.



5 LEG LIFT, in which all the work is done by baby, aids lower back. Let baby hold position as long as he can.

NEW *Sunbeam* EXCLUSIVE!

11

DEGREE ANGLE

SCISSOR-LIKE
SHAVING ACTION



Sunbeam Rollmaster
ELECTRIC SHAVER

gives
closest,
fastest
shaves!



*Specialty Ground Shaving Edges are angled 11 degrees * and like scissor blades give a clean cutting action. You get closer, smoother shaves.*



Ordinary Shaving Edges are like separated scissor blades—they aren't angled... can't cut as clean!



EXCLUSIVE! AUTOMATIC
SELF-ADJUSTING ROLLERS

Rollers go up, rollers go down smoothing the skin... popping up whiskers



Sunbeam
Rollmaster
ELECTRIC SHAVER

© 1960 Sunbeam

SUNBEAM CORP.,
DEPT. 281, CHICAGO 50, ILL.
CANADA: TORONTO 18

Bulls eye: slim, pleatless slacks that drip-dry in excellent shape. Tailored by Levi's of Riegel's Cotton Hopsack. Oyster, loden, or black. 26 to 38. About \$4.98. At The May Company, Los Angeles; Rike-Kumler Co., Dayton, Ohio; Burdine's, Miami, Florida or write Riegel Textile Corporation, Dept. A, 260 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Riegel's eyevue of Levi's



"You'll like **Riegel** fabrics that make fashion"



HUNTING / Henry Romney

BUCKS LIKE THIS BIG WHITETAIL LURE VANDALS AS WELL AS SPORTSMEN TO WOODS

How to reform hunters

Run off the land by their own bad manners, gunners in New York are getting a fresh chance

DURING a recent wildlife conference in Washington, D.C. a conservationist from Michigan used the accurate if hackneyed phrase "the deer population explosion" to underscore the tremendous increase in deer herds, not only in his own state but in most other big-game areas in the U.S. With 2 million deer hunters expected to take out licenses, it should follow that the coming season will be the best ever. Unfortunately, it probably won't be, because more and more good land is being closed to gunners. During the past year at least a million acres were shut off. Of these, some 300,000 were chewed up by bulldozers and graders in the furious expansion of city and suburb into what last season was still open country. Obviously, hunters have no control over this loss.

But for most of the land closed the hunters must blame themselves. The fact is that their reputation seems to get worse each year, and, as a consequence, fewer people want hunters on their land. Consider this sampling of

hunting news from the past season: In Colorado kills of deer were reported up 41%, elk up 12% and hunters up 150%. In Utah a farmer was fatally shot through the abdomen sitting on his own front porch. In another Utah county a sheriff exonerated a hunter from killing his companion because the latter was wearing beige trousers, the color of a deer's hide. Twenty-two hunters shot each other in California, and 15 in New York State did the same. In Washington State a valuable horse was found shot, skinned and with the hindquarters removed, presumably by a novice hunter who thought he had gotten a whooper of a deer. Every such incident, whether fatal or just infuriating, brought more NO HUNTING and NO TRESPASSING signs.

Perhaps the most shocking hunting crime of all was committed two seasons ago in New York State's Putnam County, only 70 miles from Manhattan. The caretaker of an estate, who was also a deputy game protector, caught two hunters trespassing on his posted land. He asked for their licenses and, turning his back on them, walked to his car. One of the men, raised his gun and fired. The warden fell. Badly wounded but still con-

selous, he pleaded for his life, asking the men to take their licenses and go. One of them stepped forward, took the license, then shot the warden through the head. The killer and his companion were tracked down and arrested and at the trial were allowed to plead guilty to second-degree manslaughter. They received relatively light sentences.

To game wardens it appeared that the law considered their lives as expendable as that of the game. Farmers tended to feel the same way; and even though the Putnam County deer herds had grown to nuisance proportions, 90% of the land in the area was posted to hunters.

Into this hostile countryside the New York State Fish and Game Department, whose main job is to control wildlife populations and keep outdoorsmen happy, sent two of its best men, Warren McKeon and Michael Rodak, to see what could be done about reopening the land to hunters. McKeon is a slim, crew-cut professional with a B.A. from Cornell University. Rodak, a powerfully built, soft-spoken conservation aide with immense energy and a deceptively mild manner, is perhaps the only game warden in the country who refers to violators as "those gentlemen I found trespassing."

Their mission was not as hopeless as it might seem. McKeon and Rodak went in armed with a model piece of legislation, the New York Fish & Wildlife Management Act. This law was based in part on the experiences gained from Pennsylvania's Farm-Game cooperatives, a sprawling complex of 1,300,000 acres in which farmers agree not to poach their land and hunters promise to behave themselves. But the New York act is much tighter and more progressive. To landowners it offers real protection and enforcement, based on local needs determined by a district board consisting of a farmer, a sportsman and an elected county official.

To get the program going, Rodak first had the deeds traced to each piece of property in the county so he would know the exact limits of each farmer's holdings. Then he moved in on the landowners, one by one. One of the most attractive inducements Rodak was able to offer was freedom from the time-consuming business of posting and patrolling the property.

continued



Let's talk TR-3



Suppose you had a Triumph TR-3 and got to talking cars with a fellow who's thinking about buying one of the "low-price-three" convertibles.

You might say: "My TR-3 is a convertible, too. And it goes from 0 to 50 in 8 seconds."

"Sporty, eh? How does it stand up on a long trip or in traffic?"

"TR-3's just took first-in-class again in the 2,300-mile Alpine Rally. I'm not a rally type, but I really get a kick out of how this baby gets in and out of traffic and takes off on the freeway."

"Looks kind of low to the ground. Got enough room for your legs?"

"Sit in it. See how you can stretch your legs way out. And did you ever feel anything cradle your back like that contoured bucket seat?"

"Um-m. Not bad at all. But to tell the truth, I just don't have the money for an English-built car like this."

"I've got news for you. This car cost me less than any 'low-price-three' convertible I priced."

Some other pertinent details: The TR-3 can go up to 110 m.p.h., gives up to 35 m.p.g., carries 4 with an optional rear seat, has a full-size trunk that locks, disc brakes for safer stopping, and is as easy to drive as a bicycle.

Get a free demonstration at your Triumph dealer's. (He's in the Yellow Pages.) Over 650 dealers—coast to coast. Each has specially trained mechanics and a large stock of parts.

HAPPY THOUGHT: Also test drive the new Triumph/Herald—Sedan, Sports Coupe or Convertible. It's 3 full engineering years ahead of other economy cars.

TRIUMPH

*Convertible—\$1875, Grand Tourer (with detachable steel hardtop)—\$2895, P.O.E. plus state and/or local taxes. Sixty-day return is West. White with extra. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., Dept. B-96, 1745 Broadway, New York 19.

Must Every Suit be tailored by a Little Old Lady from Pasadena?

You may be too young to remember, but there was a time when our salesmen would repaint a moth-eaten jalopy and represent it as being owned by a little old lady from Pasadena who never pushed it over thirty-five miles an hour.

Although the little old lady has long since retired from the automobile business, we suspect she is now manufacturing men's suits. What inspires this suspicion is that try as we may, we can't find anyone else willing to take credit for the huge volume of stylish but unidentified garments that crowd so many stores.

What, we keep wondering, does a fellow do who buys one of these outfits? The L.O.L. from Pasadena never mentioned her name, so so whom can he take his complaints?

Quite a problem, but happily one which we don't have to face. Our suits, you see, are all tailored by Daroff of Philadelphia (not Pasadena) and carry "Botany" 500 labels to prove it.

The natural shoulder model shown here costs \$69.50 and is one of a new group you'll find at better clothiers everywhere. After you've worn it awhile, if you're still interested in stories of old ladies, drop us a line and we'll tell you the one about the L.O.L. from Nantucket. Fair?



'BOTANY' 500®
tailored by DAROFF

At all 'BOTANY' 300 outlets in the U.S.

H. DAROFF & SONS, INC. 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.
Printed singly by letter in the West

HUNTING continued

Heretofore, a landowner who wanted to keep hunters out had to post the land, also keep the signs in prime condition and apprehend and prosecute any violators himself. But, explained Rodak, if the farmer wanted to become a "cooperator," he could sign a five-year contract under which the Conservation Department received all hunting and fishing rights. In exchange the state would assume the burden of posting and maintaining signs and of apprehending and prosecuting violators.

Rodak went on to explain that all hunters would be required to enter

would range from planting patches of sorghum and buckwheat for pheasant and grouse to constructing small wetland areas for wildfowl.

The first man Rodak persuaded to open up his land was John Kelley (see below), a dairy farmer who owns about 150 acres. Kelley's land supports deer, quail, grouse, pheasant and squirrel. Kelley himself is not a hunter. He kept his land posted "except to friends, and come hunting season I had more friends than a politician at election time." With Kelley signed up, Rodak went after the other farmers.

Over the next 10 weeks Rodak the salesman had signed up 90 landown-



TOP MAN in the farmer-hunter program is Game Manager Warren McKeon, shown in patrol car.



FIRST FARMER to reopen land to hunters was John Kelley

the cooperative area through a single check point manned by a uniformed game protector. Here they would surrender their licenses and receive a detailed map of the land open to them. No hunting would be permitted within 500 feet of houses, barns and working areas. Each hunter would be required to park his car in a prescribed space so that the hunter density could be controlled precisely over the whole area. The cooperative would be patrolled by game protectors in cars with two-way radios. The landowner need only pick up his phone to receive immediate assistance. Furthermore, for any farmer who wanted to hunt his own land or who simply had a liking for wildlife, Rodak promised that men from the Conservation Department would work on the land to improve wildlife habitat. Such work

ers and Rodak the wildlife man had put together some 9,000 acres of good hunting land. On October 5, 1959 the Putnam County Cooperative Area opened its check station to the first hunters for a pheasant season. Six weeks later the deer season began, and last February the experiment closed out with a small-game season. The results were highly satisfactory for everybody. Over a period of 264 days, 4,308 hunters had taken 1,927 pieces of game, including 76 deer and 527 upland game birds. There were no accidents of any kind.

What impressed landowners most was the effective patrolling of their holdings. For example, when John Cassell, a retired businessman and himself a hunter, heard suspicious voices near his house, he jumped to the telephone. He was still standing

with the receiver in his hand when a game protector knocked on his front door. "What the hell are you doing here?" the astonished Cassell asked. "I'm still talking to you on the phone." Actually, Cassell had been talking to the check-in station, which had called its radio cars, one of which happened to be passing Cassell's house.

Cassell's neighbors were so impressed by the program that, after the end of last season, 20 landowners came to the Conservation Department asking to be let in. Their property added 2,000 more acres to the Putnam cooperative; and with the 1960 deer season 10 weeks off, Rodak



(left), who surrendered to persuasions of Conservationist Michael Rodak.

has a long waiting list of other former hunter-haters clamoring to sign up for the program.

Over the past year the Wildlife Act has been put to work in other counties, and the hunters of New York State have acquired almost 100,000 acres of good land, much of which was previously closed to them. If the program continues to be successful, it could well become the pattern for the future in all parts of the country where hunting is done on private land. Certainly the need for such a pattern is urgent. For as Leo Lawrence, a New York State legislator who helped to put across the model Wildlife Management Act, said not long ago, "Unless we solve the landowner-sportsmen problems, public hunting and fishing in America cannot survive."

END

af

"THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"



Hunter's Heaven

To the hunter, a visit to A&F's famous gun collection is a pre-season must. Here, in trophy-lined gun rooms, you can look over the finest in imported and American sporting firearms. Names of makers like Purdey, Webley & Scott, Francotte, Beretta and Boss along with Remington, Winchester and Savage will greet you—proud names, all. The Webley & Scott, for example, is custom-made in England. These light, powerful shotguns are in the classic, conservative tradition of English gunsmithing.

In addition to these fine weapons, you will find an extensive store of ammunition and other shooting needs. Our experienced staff will be happy to talk with you about your hunting questions.



Webley & Scott Shotgun 704. In 12, 16 and 20 gauge;
26" to 30" barrels. 350.00
Non-selective single trigger. 450.00

Send for the Blazed Trail Fall Catalog.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

342 MADISON AVENUE—NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

OLYMPICS

continued from page 28

had been in action at Melbourne.

Between them, the famous Australian Konrads kids won only one gold medal, despite their assortment of world freestyle records. Ilsa, 15, was shut out, and John, 17, had to wait until the last night for his single victory, in the 1,500-meter freestyle.

In the battle of the kids, America's Chris von Saltza was easily the champion and, indeed, the swimming star of the Olympics. At 16, she was amazingly steady under the heaviest pressure of her competitive life. Her defeat by Dawn Fraser in the 100-meter freestyle race might have taken the heart out of a less courageous swimmer. But Chris blitzed her over 400 meters (Dawn finished fifth after boasting she would win) and then anchored the American relay teams to two world-record victories for three gold medals and individual supremacy.

It was with notable relay victories that the American swimming breakthrough opened and closed. U.S. fans, still in a mild state of shock after the decline and fall of John Thomas, began to revive Thursday evening as the remarkable convalescent, Jeff Farrell, anchored the American medley relay team to a clocking of 4:05.4, a full five seconds faster than the listed world record.



DESPITE A LATE START, CAROLYN SCHULER (LANE 4) WON 100-METER BUTTERFLY

As dedicated an athlete as there was in Rome, Farrell had made the U.S. team only eight days after an emergency appendectomy. Given a big lead by Lance Larson, the medley butterfly man, Farrell churned in 10 meters ahead of the second-place Aussie. He completed a double an

hour later by anchoring the 800-meter freestyle team to still another world record.

Up in the stands sat blond Bill Muliken, the Miami (Ohio) University senior who two nights before had astonished the swimming world by winning a gold medal in, of all things,

SPURTING FOR THE FINISH AND PULLING AWAY FROM BRITAIN'S CREW, U.S. FOUR-OARS-WITHOUT-COXSWAIN OVERCOMES A RAGGED



the 200-meter breaststroke—by far our weakest event. Unperturbed by the fact that his best previous times were almost five seconds off the world's best, Muliken had blandly announced before the race that the Aussies were studying him. "And if they're thinking about you, they're worrying about you."

They didn't have to worry about Muliken in Thursday's medley relay. He sat it out while teammate Paul Hait swam the breaststroke leg. Against the Australian world record holder, Terry Gathercole, Hait held his own in fine style.

Deep-chested Mike Troy dominated the 200-meter butterfly as expected, windmilling to a new world record of 2:12.8. Blonde Lynn Burke methodically fanned out a new world record of 1:09 on the backstroke leg of Friday's medley ("This is for you, Dad"), then won the 100-meter backstroke gold medal the next night in 1:09.3 ("This one is for Mom").

Most impressive of all, and most fitting, was the climax provided by the American women's freestyle relay team Saturday night. Carolyn Wood of Portland, Ore., who is just 14, made up for all the heartbreak of Tuesday's 100-meter butterfly (when she swallowed a pint of water on the turn, dropped out and ran from the pool in tears). Saturday night she put her little head down on the third leg of the freestyle relay and swam away from

Australia's Lorraine Crapp, giving Chris von Saltza a two-foot lead for the anchor haul. Chris stretched that into two meters at the finish for the sixth U.S. world swimming record of the Olympics. The time of 4:08.9 chopped more than eight seconds from the Australian record.

On the water Americans were less persuasive than in it. On Lake Albano the U.S. was defeated, after 40 years of supremacy, in the eight-oared shells. The Navy eight was beaten not only by favored Germany (SI, Aug. 22) but also by Canada, Czechoslovakia and France—and on millpond-smooth water.

After the week's trials most American fans had conceded defeat and were ready to cheer for the Canadian eight from the University of British Columbia, just to keep the gold medal in North America. Besides, any crew that has had to dodge driftwood in Vancouver Harbor during practice, has trained together only four months and has an oarsman who is one of 13 brothers and sisters (Nelson Coon, the No. 5) deserves some applause.

Hitting 38 to 41 strokes per minute in the body of the race, the unconventional German crew led at 500, 1,000 and 1,500 meters, only to fall slightly behind the equally high-stroking Canadian boat with perhaps 100 meters to go. At this point the Germans pushed the best to 44

continued

JUMP-OFF TO SCORE THE LONG VICTORY FOR AMERICAN ROWERS ON LAKE ALBANO



1960 Radar-Lites NEW FEATURES NEW PRODUCTS



Radar-Lite

Double the
Voltage—
Twice the Light!

Plus Exclusive
Gun-Type "Switch-Lock"

**Radar
Mate**



Unique Design
Durable Steel
Construction

Uses 3 Standard Flashlight Cells

America's
Most Popular
Light
Sealed Beam and
Safety Flasher

Radar-Lite



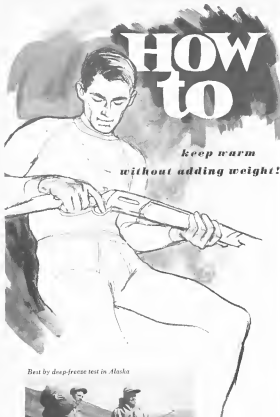
Safe,
Bright Light
for Tent,
Cabin, Boat
or Home

Radar-Lamp

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

DIVISION OF SERVEL, INC.

FREEDPORT, ILL. • NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA



Best by deep-freeze test in Alaska



ALLEN-A insulates you with the hottest new idea in thermal underwear: Creslan—the fiber that creates an undercoat of warmth without adding bulk to your outerwear. Insulaire® proved best in a "living laboratory" test on the frozen Yukon, including sleeping outdoors without blankets! Insulaire adjusts to room temperature, too. In a luxurious raschel knit of **50% Creslan acrylic fiber, 50% cotton**. Cyanamid makes the Creslan acrylic fiber; Allen-A makes the underwear. American Cyanamid Company, New York.

CYANAMID

Creslan®
ACRYLIC FIBER

OLYMPICS continued

and swung confidently across the finish line three-quarters of a length ahead of the Canadians. The time was a very fast 5:57.18.

Tippy Goes, American Olympic rowing chairman, had hoped for three gold medals from Stan Pocock's Lake Washington Rowing Club oarsmen in the small boats, but he had to settle for one. The U.S. four-oars-without-cox won handily over Italy and Russia in 6:26.26.

"Never in my life have I seen so many fast boats," said Goes, ruefully.

At Naples, American yacht-racing skippers were seeing plenty of fast boats, too. After four days of competition the U.S. could claim only one leader—the 5.5-meter sloop sailed by Boston's George O'Day. The surprise of the yachting events was a Moscow draftaman named Timir Pinegin, who had three firsts and a second in the Star class and was virtually uncatchable in the three remaining races.

The most logical, yet somehow one of the most disappointing American defeats of the week occurred at Rome's fashionable Campo di Golf on the new Appian Way. It was on the final day of the modern pentathlon, and the last test was a 4,000-meter run over hill and dale on the golf course.

Ahead in the individual standings was a tall, nearsighted and not particularly athletic-looking young Navy j.g. named Bob Beck. He had already ridden, fenced, shot and swum his way into the lead, and now he had to excel in his weakest event to turn back a pair of fast Hungarians. As he loped away, his slim, ash-blond wife, Roman, walked to a knoll near No. 9 green, the better to watch. Her hands trembled as she lit a cigarette, just as they had a few days before, when Beck started the riding event.

Fifteen minutes after he started running Beck lunged rubber-legged to the finish and collapsed into the arms of two Italian soldiers. They laid him out on a stretcher, and a Red Cross nurse gave him oxygen. After all the agony, Beck finished only third, beaten 43 points by Hungary's Ferenc Nemeth.

Beck will be back in 1964. And watch out for his wife, too. Roman got so excited about the Olympics that she tried out for the women's track team.

END

"NO THANKS"



make it with Canada Dry Club Soda

Tap or branch water is free, true. Unfortunately, flat, too.

Next time, add life, sparkle, plain good taste to your highball. Make it with Canada Dry Club Soda.

In fact, make all your tall drinks with Canada Dry Mixers and add good taste to your entertaining, too. Your guests expect these world-renowned mixers in their tall drinks.

Another important point. Exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation"—found only in Canada Dry Mixers. These tiny, livelier bubbles keep your drink bouncing with fresh taste, help you wake bouncing with fresh life. Curb unpleasant aftereffects. Research proves it.

Pour good taste into your very next highball. Make it with a Canada Dry Mixer.



SEE "WALT DISNEY PRESENTS" EVERY WEEK ON THE ABC-TV NETWORK



Kodak Sound 8 Projector comes with microphone for recording your own commentary . . . \$343.

NOW! ADD SOUND TO YOUR 8mm MOVIES!

New projector by Kodak lets you add family voices, music, sound effects

Now—from Kodak comes an 8mm movie projector that lets you add sound to every scene you take. Think how wonderful it will be to have your own children's voices on the films you make of them . . . to be able to add background music that sets off your pictures . . . to have your own recorded commentary as your movie goes from scene to scene!

You can take all your 8mm "silent films," old or new, and turn them into "talking pictures" with the new Kodak Sound 8 Projector.

You just have your films magnetically "striped" for sound, project

them onto your screen, and start recording right on the film. It's as simple as that! If you make a mistake, just reverse the film and re-record the way you want.

And because this projector is made by Kodak, you know it will show your movies at their best and give you faithful sound—hour after hour, year after year.

See the Kodak Sound 8 Projector demonstrated at your Kodak dealer's. Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down.

Price is list, includes Federal Tax, and is subject to change without notice.



Add music or other sound effects as you project the film, using your record player or tape recorder. Commentary can be recorded at the same time.

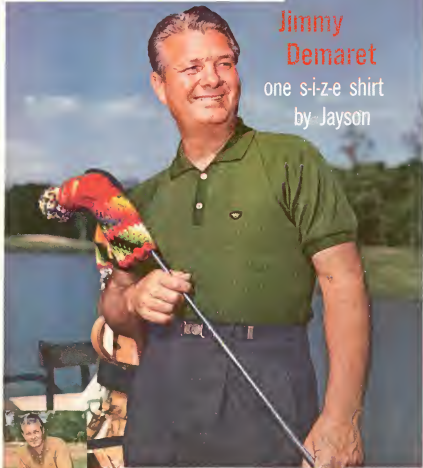
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "OZZIE AND HARRIET"

Kodak
TRADEMARK

America's favorite...fits all men!

Jimmy
Demaret
one s-i-z-e shirt
by Jayson



This sensational one s-i-z-e knit shirt fits all (100 lb. to 180 lb.) features: action-free raglan sleeves; fashionable convertible collar; 29 shades and white in a choice of heather tones, solids & stripes in COURTAULDS' COLORAY rayon and combed cotton, or in 100% fine combed cotton. Colorfast and wash & wear. Short sleeves \$5.00. Long sleeves \$5.95.

Jayson

At 140 W 57th Street, NYC 10019 • 1-800-JAYSON • 100% Cotton • New York 10019

On the crowded airways of modern flight, the romance of the Lindbergh age seems almost forgotten. Yet despite the prevalence of jets and rocket ships, the small plane still flies, and many men and women are rediscovering in it a dream of youth: the challenging beauty of the skies. What it is like to enter this world as a fledgling pilot is told in this chapter from a new and lyrical book (Doubleday & Co., \$3.95). The photographs were taken especially for this article by W. Eugene Smith.

WIND ON MY WINGS

by PERCY KNAUTH

In the swift and crowded world of the jet and rocket age the small airplane and the huge airliner must still perforce share one immobile fixture of the realm of flight: the airport runway. Great boulevards of concrete or macadam, they sprawl across the earth like ever-lengthening, horizontal monuments to the demands of speed and size, and yet the smallest plane that flies finds home there too. To the modern air traveler who sits encased in cushioned comfort in his 707 or DC-8, runways have little meaning; they are seldom seen and soon forgotten after departure and arrival. The pilot sees them differently: a warm and welcome glow at night, promising home, a tire-streaked haven of safety after cloud and storm, and always the end of a journey.

To the fledgling flyer in particular, as he first takes the controls of a small plane, the runway is a symbol that appears in many changing forms. This is where he leaves the earth on his first uncertain ventures into the unfamiliar air; this is where he returns to it, gratefully, after labors aloft. The experience of flight is a very concentrated one; what happens in the air happens quickly, and this is nowhere more true than in

those moments of landing when the pilot, earthward bound on his invisible but usually lively channel of air, reacts with hands, feet, eyes and ears to the many different movements, sights and sounds that charge-tenize that border area between earth and sky.

To me, at the age of 44, the runway is also symbolic of a dream long pursued and never before fulfilled. As a boy, the dream of flying filled my waking and sleeping hours. Sitting on the floor of our living room, inside two chairs which I laid on their backs to simulate a cockpit, I could think myself into the air for hours on end. Always it was the moment of coming back to earth which I savored most: I could feel the perfect three-point landing to which I soared down out of sunlit skies, moving my feet on the imaginary rudder bar, my hands guiding the sawed-off broomstick which controlled imaginary ailerons and elevator on imaginary wings and tail. The dream never lost its power, but with the years the gap between it and reality widened. I did not realize this until I started, at last, to fly. The boy would, I am sure, have found the world of air, despite all his imaginary excursions into it, as new, as strange, as exciting (continued)

Copyright © 1966 by Percy Knauth

WIND ON MY WINGS *continued*

as I did. The man found all this—but he found, too, that the years had brought other factors to intervene between him and the dream: an inescapable sense of responsibility for wife, children, career which had to be fitted into the pros and cons, a natural sense of caution which had matured into acute awareness of risk, a feeling at times that he either should have done this a long time ago or should never have tried it at all.

The risk of flying even the smallest private planes today is minimal; aircraft and engines have been developed to so high a degree of dependability that their failure in the air is virtually unheard of. The pilot who takes proper care of his airplane need never doubt its loyalty, but he should doubt himself. Like the sea, the air is intolerant of carelessness and stupidity, and to a man approaching his middle years, accustomed to the easy exercising of the basic skills of living, his early fumbblings in a strange machine and an apparently unstable element can make him feel unsure.

And thus the runway also appears to me as a symbol of doubt of my own self. Swimming around there in the broad vista before my eyes, distant focal point of my fears and my desires in the all-encompassing panorama of earth and sky, it both attracts and repels me, yet lures me always on and down.

I first flew from the runway of the airport at Katama on Martha's Vineyard, close by the old whaling port of Edgartown. The runway here is grass, and it has been dispatching and receiving airplanes for a quarter century, since the day when a Curtiss Robin first landed on it with a crew of airborne picnickers in the 1930s, flying's golden age. Long usage has given the field a worn and friendly look, like that of land which has been tilled for many generations, but its modern function is clearly shown by the runway numbers, indicating the points of the compass toward which each heads, that have been carefully cut into the springy island turf and etched out with bright white sand from the beach nearby. Katama has always been, and still is, primarily a landing field for small airplanes, but airliner-sized craft have landed and taken off there too.

The airplane was a Piper Tri-Pacer, four-place, shiny red and white, brand-new, with the No. N-9013-D painted on its sides. One-three-D for Delta will always have a very special place in my heart. As a vehicle to aspirations, which were cloudy both in the figurative and the literal sense of the word, it was perfect: if



ever an airplane was built which could lure a somewhat self-doubting Thomas into the air and keep him there, the Tri-Pacer is the one. Its 160-horsepower engine has more than enough power to overcome the initial fumbblings of the neophyte flyer. It has a tricycle landing gear on which it sits level on the ground, giving the student the familiar feeling of being in a car instead of the immediately strange and unsettling tipped-backward sensation of the now outmoded tailwheel gear. Its con-



The earth-sky world of the flyer, from the runway at Danbury. "... a place of winds and clouds and currents"



ontrol wheel and rudder pedals are linked by springs so that the use of either one will generally steer the plane. Finally, it is completely and reassuringly comfortable, with a wide, curved windshield in front, large windows shaded by the broad wing, and seats cushioned with foam rubber, trimmed in happy colors and adjustable frontward and backward to assure maximum ease in reaching and handling the controls. The Tri-Pacer is also inherently stable, will resist efforts (continued)

to get it into a tailspin and, if forced into one, will come out into a straightforward dive after one and a half turns if the pilot simply lets go of all controls and allows the plane to take care of itself.

All these things I had been told before I first stood on the runway there at Katama and looked at this winged sedan in which I was to take to the skies, but I had yet to appreciate what they would mean to me, the student pilot, when I first ventured aloft. Now, as I climbed into the plane, I looked at the world as I would henceforth see it—the earth-sky world of the flyer. One ends, the other begins, and the runway is the springboard from one to the other; and the sky is never again just the empty sky but a place of winds and clouds and currents, as mysterious and as fascinating as the sea. We ran through the little cockpit chores that are a necessary and anticipatory prelude to every flight, checking engine gauges, fuel supply, magnetos and controls. We ran the engine briefly up to 1,800 rpm and listened to its reassuring roar. Out at the end of the

runway we turned in a wide circle and scanned the sky for planes that might be coming in to land. Sky and runway were clear; we trundled out and lined up for the take-off.

Sitting in the airplane that first day, looking the length of Katama's worn brown strip, I found myself at a corner of life where I stood irresolute, not yet compelled to turn. To push the throttle forward was an act like pushing forth from the safety of land for a voyage of unknown duration on uncharted seas—an act at once immensely alluring, challenging, exhilarating, yet touched with desperation too, and irrevocable for me. The engine seemed to shout into my ears; then it pulsed, we moved, we rushed ahead, bumped briefly on the earth, and soared.

The runway, in the days that followed, became the central fact of my existence. On the ground it stretched before me like a clipped grass avenue, by turns inviting, by turns a grim challenge, leading off and away

Tri-Pacer waits on the Danbury flightline: " . . . this winged sedan in which I would take to the skies"





"The warmth and comradeship of a small airport"

toward the beach and the open sea. My feelings toward it fluctuated with my nascent flying skill, but even when I hated it for a perverse arena in which all my shortcomings were mercilessly exposed, I never lost the background feeling of exultation that came with this effortless leap into the air. Down the open, unencumbered springboard of turf the Tri-Pacer moved as smoothly and assuredly as any automobile, at around 60 miles an hour it simply moved from the ground into the air. A third of the way along the runway there was a slight depression, at this point I usually became airborne, the grass falling away beneath my wheels, the plane lifting free. And the runway, a brown blur, grew smaller, turned into a dune, a beach, and then I was climbing over the marbled sea.

By the time I had climbed out, turned left in the standard rectangular pattern and headed on a tangential course toward the beach again, everything was different. At 800 to 1,000 feet all ties to the earth were already severed, and the plane floated alone, remote, a creature in its element. Motion ceased, instead of the headlong plunge of the take-off and initial climb, we seemed to drift now, almost languidly, over blue sea, white beach, deep green of the alfalfa field bordering the airport. The engine, throttled back to cruising speed, had lost its urgency (I later found that its steady drone would grow so familiar that I stopped hearing

it entirely; only a miss in the regular beat, a sudden silence, would be deafening). I rode in a world of purity and clarity that tuned and challenged all my senses; I felt the surge of unseen currents, a rising and falling of irresistible and invisible waves, and gradually there came to me a feeling of enormous, gravityless power in which a tiny movement of my hand or foot could cause the earth to wheel or rise while the airplane, as though hung on gimbals, seemed to remain steady in the sky.

And then there came the feeling of aloneness. Up here no sound from earth could reach me unless I chose to let it—no man's cry, no intrusive voice commanding haste lest time be wasted, trains be missed, work be left undone. I could speak to the world by radio, but the world, if I decided to ignore it, could not speak to me. And on the best of days, when the plane droned along on air as smooth as limpid water, there was peace of a kind I had never felt before—the peace of utter solitude, when life and the world fade into the misty distance of infinity and the infinite becomes tangible through the communication of the soul. The sky took on a grandeur then; the little plane was touched with a celestial magic, it was no longer a mechanical contrivance that stayed aloft in accordance with well-known aerodynamic laws but the creation of unearthly hands, a vehicle born of dreams in which I was privileged to enter into an unpeopled sphere reserved for me alone.

But life is not all magic, even in the sky. There is work to be done aloft, and it centers ultimately on the runway, the beginning and end of every airborne journey. And as free, as untrammelled, as limitless as the sky may be, it too, around the runway, must be circumscribed by a man-established pattern, and that pattern, a disciplined path designed to handle all the traffic in and out of any airport, in the weeks that followed became the pattern of my flying hours.

This is how it goes: take off, climb to 500 feet above the runway, turn left 90°, climb to 800 feet, turn left 90° and cruise parallel to the runway on the downwind leg, turn left 90° onto the base leg, slow to 100 miles per hour, apply first flaps, throttle back to idling speed; turn left 90° heading into the runway on the final approach, apply full flaps, come down and land. Invariable and inviolate, except by special instruction, this pattern is universally established so that the increasing number of aircraft in the sky will always know what to expect of each other when leaving or approaching the ground.

In the pattern time seems crowded to the fledgling flyer. I would get up to 500 feet, the point of my first leftward turn, in not much more than half a minute. In that short time I had to establish a good climbing attitude (90 miles per hour at 2,350 (continued)

WIND ON MY WINGS *continued*

rpm is reasonable), start correcting for possible wind drift, throttle back, take off flaps, look around for other aircraft and start my first, climbing turn. By the time I was out of that turn I was at 800 feet, the pattern height, or better; I had now to level off, trim ship to cruise attitude, throttle back to cruising speed (115 miles per hour, 2,150 rpm), check my position in regard to the runway, check the sky again for other aircraft and start my second leftward turn into the downwind leg.

Now came a moment of brief respite. All things being reasonably well done, I was proceeding straight and level, parallel to the runway, with the landmarks that counted in plain sight and all instruments behaving. I could uncurl fingers and toes from wheel and rudder pedals and relax. I might find myself drifting a bit if the wind was off the runway, and turn slightly, crabbing in toward it. It might be jouney up there; I learned the quick reflex movements which bring up a tipped wing or correct for a sideways swerve. And

Aloft above the marbled sea: "The sky took on a grandeur; the little plane was touched with celestial magic"



then it was time for base leg and the final approach.

Here, 800 feet high and still an improbable distance from the runway, is where a landing begins. It is a pattern of actions and movements, reasonably timed, reasonably precise, beautifully logical, harmonious with the plane, the air and the distance, and if all of its parts add up to a perfect whole, the aircraft will touch the ground at the instant it loses its flying speed and at the spot where the pilot wants to be. Like bringing a canoe to the dock, or coasting a car down the street, into

the driveway and precisely into the garage, it is a matter of perception, judgment and practice, and if the end result is good, it is one of the most satisfying things in the world.

Turning into my base leg, I would pull on the carburetor heat, the first step in cutting the power. The act becomes automatic after a while—which is as it should be, for carburetor heat is a vital adjunct to an aircraft engine; it prevents ice from forming in the carburetor jets and intake manifold, which might (continued)



cause the engine to choke and die if the throttle were suddenly advanced. With the heat on, the engine slowed, I could now throttle back, and at 100 mph put on first flaps. Off to my left, the runway gradually swam into view. It was time to start closing the throttle. As the engine noise died away, the nose dropped, and I could hear the wind whistle past struts and wings outside. Now came the turn into the final approach, the ground pivoting below. I eased on full flaps and lined up with the runway. We were coming down fast now. Pushing the wheel against the lifting, slowing force of the flaps, I held the air speed to 85 miles an hour, pointing toward the field. Below, the green alfalfa flowed past in a swift blur; I saw it only as a sort of backdrop of color; my eyes were fixed on the runway ahead.

This was the picture, these were the sensations that I carried right into my dreams. Close to the ground the air caught and pulled at my wings; often it seemed that the plane itself did not want to land. The ground seemed strange and foreign, an alien element onto which I was forcing myself out of the friendly sky. Where I was floating before, I seemed to be rushing now with geometrically increasing speed. It is a trick which the runway always plays on the neophyte: by instinct he stares straight ahead, over the nose of the plane, eyes fixed on the ground, which comes up at a sharp angle. It is difficult to realize, because it seems contrary to reason that by looking off to one side, not at the runway but far down it, things can be made to slow down and assume their proper perspective. Then the runway will gradually flatten out, tilting, as it were, to meet the plane, which at the proper instant, by easing the wheel completely back, can be flared out a foot or so high until it loses all its flying speed, and touches down.

This is that intangible sixth sense which flyers call "the feel of the ground." It is a descriptive phrase and well chosen, for it is indeed the re-establishment of a relationship from one element to the other, the bridging of a gap between the earth and the sky. It cannot be studied, it cannot be taught, it can only be acquired, and the day it is acquired is a red-letter day, one that calls for celebration and song. For suddenly everything seems to come into focus, the relationship is miraculously there, the runway is no longer repelling but an invitation to excellence, and the

student knows he need never really fear landings again.

It was at Katama that I experienced this feeling for the first time, and I knew, even at that very moment, that there would never be another flight like this for me, anywhere or anytime. It was a gray, cool day when Steve Gentle, my instructor, waved me out alone for that climactic flight, my solo. Three times he had ridden me around the pattern on this morning, driving me hard, scolding me vehemently for the least mistake. Now I knew why—now it was up to me to go around, all on my own.

It was an appalling, inspiring, unforgettable instant: the short-lived sense of panic, the urgent desire to be somewhere else, far, far away; the sudden determination, the irrevocable act of pushing the throttle forward and taking to the air. I can still see Steve's stocky figure, tiny on the runway, as I rushed past, climbing, soaring. I can still feel that first landing and the inexpressible sense of joy it brought me—a joy that time does not diminish, a sense of accomplishment such as I had never known.

In the months that followed, as I perfected my newfound skills at the Danbury School of Aeronautics in Connecticut's rolling hills, new problems faced me—problems of terrain and wind and air and navigation. Daily I was reaching higher, exploring the wide, wide world of sky above the pattern where clouds sail and the wind blows free. I was also learning the warmth and comradeship of the small airport, the second home of pilots and their planes. But the runway, be it at Danbury or at Katama or anywhere else where I may

someday land, remains symbolic to me of a world in true balance, in which the moment is all-important and the individual his own king. It is the pilot alone who can bring his plane safely down, and no pilot can get by for long with less than a wholehearted effort and a sound application of the skills which he has so diligently learned. For the runway is the final goal of a pattern of true craftsmanship, of skills acquired without short cuts, without excuses and learned only one way—well.

Through the weeks and months of learning to fly, this is my greatest reward: to touch down at the end of a flight and know and understand, as my wheels kiss solid ground again, what it is like to have held my life in my own hands. **END**



Journey's end—and a phone call home

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **Pittsburgh Pirates** glided through the West and toward the pennant. Stopper Vernon Law halted a losing streak, but was stopped himself the next time out, bidding for his 20th. Al Dark played left field ("Sure, he's 38," said Manager Dreesen, "but he gives you 100% all the time") as the **Milwaukee Braves**, with four straight wins, got set for the show-down series with the Pirates. Apprised that some Milwaukee players were blaming Dreesen for their previous misfortunes, a former disciple, Don Zimmer of the Cubs, jumped to Charley's defense. "He's got a lot of baloney in him," Zimmer said, "but that doesn't make him a bad manager." Strong pennant contenders only a week ago, the **St. Louis Cardinals** began to slip away. Steady performances by Ray Sadecki, 19, and Ernie Broglio might yet save second place and a shot at Manager of the Year for Solly Hemus. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** blew their last chance against the Pirates, stumbled against the Giants, found themselves sinking close to the second division. Maury Wills stole his 57th base. Wally Moon flared with .390 while the once-strong pitching collapsed. Mike McCormick, the Angry Young Man of the **San Francisco Giants** (they've given him only 10 runs in six games), shut out the Dodgers 1-0. McCormick had no complaints after seeing the other side of the coin: a home run and a sparkling catch by Felipe Alou. Vada Pinson hit three home runs for the **Cincinnati Redlegs** as the club floundered. Bob Purkey pitched well, but big bugs Cal McLish (4-1) and Joe Nuxhall (1-7) didn't. Said Nuxhall, who became a Red-

leg at 15, "A change of scenery might help." The **Chicago Cubs**, finding a new way to win (Pitcher Don Cardwell hit two home runs) and an old way to lose (the hidden ball trick), seemed safe in seventh. Rookie right-hander Art Mahaffey, who trains on lasagna, was responsible for last two **Philadelphia Phillies** wins. "I used to weigh 156 pounds," says the 6-foot-2 Mahaffey. Then came lasagna, which Mahaffey loves. "It takes my wife a day and a half to make up the lasagna," he says, "and it's worth it." Mahaffey's weight: 190, his record: 5-0.

Standings: **Pt** 80-50, **Mt** 73-58, **StL** 72-57, **LA** 68-62, **Ch** 65-63, **Ch** 58-75, **Ch** 52-77, **Ph** 49-81

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Team Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Minn NY (31)	103	49	152
Minso Clu (30)	74	72	147
Mets NY (29)	81	61	142
Sevts Ch (27)	80	60	140
Sox Chi (25)	75	52	127
Brk Ch (23)	73	54	127

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Mets SF (32)	90	61	151
Brk Ch (30)	85	68	153
Astos Mt (27)	81	64	145
Milwatt Mt (27)	82	68	150
Clemlate Ph (22)	74	72	147

*Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Sturdy young pitching, slick fielding and timely hitting put the **Baltimore Orioles** in first place and had the townfolk ignoring their beloved Colts. Flushed with success, Manager Richards bought a \$25 pair of spiked shoes for each Oriole for the final surge. The **New York Yankees** couldn't score runs (not one in 36 innings), couldn't win and couldn't hold onto the top. Manager Stengel added flimsy-hitting Coach Jim Hegan, 40, to the active roster. "I might need a good receiver in the eighth inning sometime," explained Casey. Said Yogi Berra, rookie outfielder: "Now I'm the fourth-string catcher." Thrown back into contention, the **Chicago White Sox** counted on the favorable schedule (14 home games, 9 away) and the return of Minnie Miñoso to batting form after a slump (three for 30). "The big thing for us to do," Manager Lopez said, "is to put together a winning streak—and we're overdue." The **Washington Senators** lost their first series in a month but hung on grimly to the first division. Manager Lavagotto deftly juggled an arm-worried staff, got a strong win from improving Don Lee, who



VENERABLE AND VIGOROUS, Pirates' Clem Labine pitched scoreless ball, Gene Woodling of Orioles hit .350 in pennant drives.

inadvertently threw a nostalgic home run ball to Ted Williams. A younger, thinner Williams hit a couple off Lee's dad, Lefty Thornton Lee of the White Sox, 20 years before. The **Cleveland Indians** were moaning about what could have been. Woodie Held, out with a broken finger since July 18 when the Indians were a game and a half out of first, returned to the lineup with the Indians 15 out. He won two games with homers. Barry Lattman, a 25-year-old cigar smoker, suddenly found his pitching control, won twice. Second-string pitcher Bob Bruce and Hank Aguirre bolstered the **Detroit Tigers** in a too-little, too-late effort. Tiger sore point, Jim Bunning and Paul Foytack, winners of 31 games last year, had 10 this season. Pete Runnels, runnerup to Boston Red Sox teammate Williams when he won batting championship two years ago, charged into second place with .322. Shortstop Don Buddin, boned by Tigers' Bunning, is recovering, will be out two weeks. Said Bunning, who denied he was aiming at Buddin's head: "Why should I throw at him? I usually get him out anyway." Bud Daley (12-6 on July 6) slipped to 13-13 when he lost to the Yankees. Daley and his **Kansas City Athletics** teammates were spared unbearable embarrassment when their uniforms arrived just before game time. Accused often of being a Yankee farm boy, they might otherwise have had to wear Yankee uniforms in the game.

Standings: **Bt** 70-51, **NY** 75-52, **Ch** 75-50, **Wsh** 65-53, **Ch** 64-55, **StL** 60-72, **Brk** 53-73, **Ch** 45-84

TEAM LEADERS: HOME RUNS

AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Balt	Griffie	20	Minn	39	Standt	13
NY	Mets	35	Minn	31	Sevts	25
Ch	Sevts	35	Minso	25	Freese	14
Wash	Lemon	33	Milwatt	23	Alou	22
Clev	Held	16	Phal	10	Romano	10
Brk	Coleman	27	Marvelli	21	Chen	15
Ch	Sevts	25	Wertz	18	Holmes	13
Brk	Sevts	18	Clary	11	Thermon	10

NATIONAL LEAGUE						
PHI	Short	17	Skinner	16	2 tied with	13
Mt	Alou	34	Milwatt	31	Alou	22
StL	Boyer	28	Sevts	25	Wertz	15
LA	Howard	20	Moore	13	En	12
SF	Mays	28	Dwight	23	Island	10
Ch	Sevts	16	Pinell	17	Pinell	17
Ch	Sevts	38	Thorne	22	Alou	9
Ph	Nuxhall	15	Del	10	Wertz	8

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Balt	Griffie	15-8	Foytack	12-8	Fisher	13-9
NY	Delmer	14-4	Conlon	10-3	Paul	9-8
Ch	Bruce	12-7	Staley	12-7	Shaw	12-11
Wsh	Pinell	12-8	Ramos	10-11	Stables	9-5
Ch	Clary	10-7	Grant	9-8	Bud	9-20
Brk	Lay	10-14	McComick	9-4	Banning	8-12
Brk	McComick	13-5	Forrester	9-8	Bower	5-11
Brk	Daley	13-13	Harbert	5-14	Hill	7-13

NATIONAL LEAGUE						
PH	Law	15-6	Freese	14-11	Madden	10-8
Mt	Spahn	17-7	Burdette	16-9	Buhl	13-8
LA	Reggie	15-7	McComick	15-12	Milwatt	10-14
LA	Shaw	13-6	Williams	12-7	Gryllette	12-12
StL	S. Jones	15-14	McComick	12-12	Sanford	12-11
Ch	Purkey	15-8	O Toole	10-11	Book	10-15
Ch	Holmes	12-17	Dixie	8-7	Anderson	10-15
Ph	Freese	9-5	Roberts	9-11	Conley	7-12

Best statistics through September 12, 1960

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BUBBLE BLOWERS

Sirs:

An interesting companion piece to the photo of "Best Bubble Blower" Pitcher Milt Pappas of the Baltimore Orioles in your latest issue (*The Pennant Race Bab-*



BASEBALL BUBBLERS PAPPAS AND MANTLE

Nes Along, Aug. 29) is the one of "Bubble Gum Consumer Mickey Mantle" in the very first issue of your magazine: August 16, 1954.

HENRY D. SHENK

Harrisburg, Pa.

YANKEES VS. COLTS

Sirs:

They say baseball is a game of percentages, and believe me your article *Dunlop vs. Casey* (Aug. 22) sure proves this out. The players' pennant poll shows, to the nearest percentage point, that: Only 73% of games had been played up to voting time; 61% of all American League players participating voted that the Yankees would win; 91% of the second-place team (Baltimore) voted for the Yankees; and 100% of the fans like myself are fools to drive through heavy downtown traffic, park in a back alley lot for outrageous prices and stay up later than usual to hear or witness a game whose players are ready to give up so soon.

No sir, it's not for me. I'm sticking to Cousy, Pettit, Layne and Unitas. You've never seen them give up before the third quarter.

G. J. BURKE

Detroit

FAMILY MAN

Sirs:

By what standards of twisted, bigoted logic can Fighter Sonny Liston's knowledge of how many brothers and sisters he has affect his fitness to box (EDITORIALS, Aug. 29)?

J. BRIMBLE

Buena Park, Calif.

Sirs:

A few things about Liston you did not mention. One, he comes from a family of 25 children, and he cannot read or write. Two, the facts regarding the beating of a St. Louis policeman indicate that the officer had slurred, insulted and tried to pick a fight with Liston. Liston gave this policeman the beating he asked for. Just because a man in a uniform represents the law, he is not above the same rules of conduct that the rest of us are held to.

Sonny Liston became a target of convenience as far as the St. Louis police were concerned. He paid for his past mistakes and only wants to do the thing he can do best, fight.

HARRY SANFORD

Los Angeles

POLL POLE

Sirs:

Whoever wrote "Fishy Poll" (EDITORIAL, Aug. 22) must be the "gentleman in tails and top hat," etc. described in the article. No real fisherman, particularly a trout angler, would ever stoop so low as to describe a trout rod as a fishing pole.

A. GOLDBSTEIN

San Mateo, Calif.

● Who called that fishing pole a trout rod?—ED.

OF MOUNTAINS AND MEN

Sirs:

Without in any way sharing the strange urge that sets men against mountains, I have always respected that urge and admired the climbers. But the Swiss assault on Dhaulagiri, and its introduction of the airplane as a climbing aid, only confuses me (*Conquest of the Peak of Storms*, Aug. 29). Dykshenfurth writes that he and his companions used an airplane to fly them and their supplies to 18,700 feet, which was the highest altitude at which it could land and take off. The implication is strong that if the plane could have taken them higher, they would have let it. Presumably, airplanes will be built capable of landing at 25,000 feet, and what then? "Above us, as we clambered from our Beechcraft, loomed Khathapocres, the howling white tyrant, its craggy summit towering 326 feet over our heads?"

But never mind about future improvements. I should think that an airlift to 18,700 feet is more than enough to take the bloom off Mallory's mystic rose. And I should think that if one is going to set himself up as a mountain climber—and write articles about what a tough go it is—one ought to walk up the mountain, not fly up.

RICHAUD W. BOSTH

New York City

PAY DIRTY

Sirs:

Congratulations for the generous space you devoted to the fast-growing sport of rodeo riding (*See you on Bulls*, Aug. 29). However, Cheyenne was not "the biggest of the summer rodeos."

The four-day golden-jubilee California Rodeo at Salinas had 480 entries and a purse of \$72,339. The \$2,789 Harry Tompkins won at this rodeo was a deciding factor in his regaining the lead in the All-Around Cowboy championship race.

ERIC W. COSTER

Salinas, Calif.

THE FIRST OLD LADY

Sirs:

Your coverage of our once-proud hydroplane race was excellent (*Seattle's Deadly Ferce*, Aug. 22). However, one small item deserves correction, your reference in the 19th Hole to Miss Spokane as "the old lady." In hydroplaning there is but one Old Lady—*Slo-Mo-Shun IV*.

BRUCE MACDONALD

Seattle

● No slight was intended toward the retired first lady of hydroplaning—shown below speeding at 160.32 mph



FIRST LADY'S FAST RUN FOR RECORD

to break Malcolm Campbell's world record of 141.74 in 1950.—ED.

OF MOTORS AND MEN

Sirs:

"Beneath the aluminum hide of [Donald] Campbell's turbine-engined *Bluebird* lies the greatest potential performance of any land-speed automobile ever built" (*A Look Inside the Campbell Car*, Aug. 22).

Considering today's automotive development, I'd say the *Bluebird* was created to test man's performance.

J. C. DUNLAP

Waco, Texas

THE BRITISH

Byford "98"

WOOL
SOCK



Britishers
wear 'em
all year
'round



Same size, same shape, after washing. Ankle \$1.50
Garter length \$1.75. At fine stores everywhere
Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

VACATIONISTS! MOTORISTS!
SPORTSMEN!

"STRIKE IT RICH"
AT ARIZONA'S NEWEST HOTEL

SUPERSTITION HO

APACHE JUNCTION, ARIZONA
30 miles East of Phoenix on
Highway 88, 70, 89, 90 & 91

A truly fabulous resort-type hotel in the
shadow of Superstition Mountain and
the legendary "Lost Dutchman" mine.
146 luxurious rooms. Intriguing night-
clubs. Marvelous for group meetings.
Reservations information write, wire, phone
TOLSON 6-1631 — Richard L. Webster, Manager

IF YOU LIKE DOGS

You Will ENJOY Reading ..

THE KENNEL REVIEW

For Breeding, Training, or Just Dog News

SUBSCRIPTION \$4.00 per year

P. O. BOX 225, GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

Specifically cut for
PIPE SMOKING
only

REVELATION
Mix Smoking Mixture

PAT ON THE BACK



JOHN IVORY

'Ponies and kids'

Surrounded by eager children and parents, 72-year-old John Ivory is rarely to get his pony cart moving. Over the last four years he has given free rides (astride and by wagon) to more than 750,000 youngsters on his 140-acre tract 30 miles outside Detroit. "Money? I'd be cheating if I took money," says Ivory, a moving-business executive. "It's fun for me. Ponies and kids go together."

In the years after World War II, Ivory poured a million dollars into polo promotion in Detroit, but could not make it popular. So he decided to offer pony rides to children and develop his own polo fans. Though the free rides were an immediate hit, polo

itself did not catch on as quickly.

Undaunted, Ivory simply offered more pony rides. Nowadays he employs five men full time to handle some 60 ponies, hires five additional men for weekend crowds. He has cleared more than 250,000 trees from his property, built more than six miles of winding trails. Moreover, he will send his wagons anywhere within a 50-mile radius of Detroit for elvie or charitable functions.

Even winter does not slow down John Ivory. He hitches up specially built sleighs and provides a bunkhouse with open fireplaces. Says Ivory proudly: "The kids come streaming in just like it was mid-July."

(continued from front flap of this insert)

Which goes to show for tires—and for almost everything else, too, or I wouldn't have taken your time with the “for instance”—that it's important to watch advertising costs, but it's sometimes more important to keep a weather eye on advertising costs per customer.

You can buy advertising in lots of places for 25% less per thousand than SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—but what good does that do you if SPORTS ILLUSTRATED delivers 35% more customers per thousand, and customers who buy 20 to 25% more of your product.

* * *

I know I'm prone to exaggerate, but I say this in all sincerity and forthrightness—to a lot of marketers, there will have been two really important pieces of market research that 1960 will be memorable for: one, the U.S. census, and the other, the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED study just mentioned. It is a definitive work on the education, household possessions, automotive-buying, living, travel habits of a large segment of today's fastest-growing, upper-income group of families. (Of course, it was done in consultation with the Advertising Research Foundation, as has been all of our major market research for the last five years). If you don't have a copy, ask the Research Director of your agency, or write me.

* * *

Last time, I promised to list the names of those advertisers who were new to our Regional Editions in 1960. You may be interested in scanning down this list, for the reason that the copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that you receive carries only one regional edition and you have no way of knowing what advertising appears in the others. Lack of space limits my being able to indicate which advertisers use which editions, but any of our salesmen will be eager to tell you, at the drop of a telephone call.

Regional Advertisers New in 1960

A-1 Manufacturing Co.
Affiliated Clothiers, Inc.
Aloin Knitwear, Inc.
Al-Bar Sports Sales Co.
Aladdin Company
Aluma Craft Boat Co.
Amel Laboratories
America Corp.—*American Hard Rubber Co.*
American Honda Motor Co., Inc.
American M&M, Inc.
American Schools & Colleges Assoc.
American Tanning Products Co.
Fred Arbogast & Co.
Astronaut Inc.
Atkinson Men's Clothing
Atlas Travel Agency—*Solar Associates*
Augustus, The King of Europe, Inc.
Barbados Tourist Board
Baseball '69
Baskford Travel Service
Bermuda Bunes Golf Club
Botany Brands, Inc.
British & Irish Railways
Burgermeister Brewing Corp.
Burlington Industries, Inc.—*Princeton Knitting Mills, Inc.*

Business Men's Assurance Co. of America
C & D Sportswear Co.
Cactus Casuals—*Sportswear*
Camelback Inn
J. Capps & Sons, Ltd.
Caribbean Atlantic Airlines—*Caribair*
Carleton Woollen Mills
Cavalier Hotel
Chalfonte-Haddon Hall
Chemway Corporation—*Dunbar Lake—
“Pontreue” Hair Lotion & After Shave*
Chandler Hotel
Chippewee, Inc.
A. E. Cross Pencil Co.
Dunbar Corporation
Dul-Jack Company
Duke Plastics Co.—*Maple-Groove*
Dennis & Huppert, Inc.
—*Beauvire Vermont*
—*Polignac*
E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.)
—*Personal Recipiting*
—*Polychemicals Dept.—Steen Fishing Line*
—*Textile Fibers Dept.—Sleeping Bags*
Durashop Corporation
Eagle Airways Ltd.

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

Edwards Engineering Corp.
 Eudex Commercial Corp.
 Eric Fare, Inc.
 Friedrich Refrigerators Inc.—
 Air Conditioning Division
 Freuhauf Trailer Co.
 Games Company
 General Pool Corp.—"Glas-Crete"
 General Tire & Rubber Co.—Tire/Leather
 Gentry, Inc.—Casseroles
 German Distillers, Ltd.
 Glaxo Bost Company
 Great Oak Resort & Yacht Club
 Kay Greene & Co.—Boats
 Guilford Woollen Mills Company
 Gulf Skis
 C. S. Hammond & Co.
 P. H. Hanson Knitting Co.
 Hebbe Co.
 High Hampton Inn & Country Club
 Hotel Corporation of America
 Hussey Manufacturing Co., Inc.
 Igloo Corp.—Furniture Chest
 Import Associates—Patelette
 Indiana Goat Works—Turbocraft
 International Resort Facilities
 International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.
 Iwair-Jefferson Co., Inc.
 Islands In The Sun Club, Inc.
 Kayser-Roth Corporation
 —Kayser-Roth Hosiery Company, Inc.
 —Vagabond
 Kennel Review Magazine
 Keystone Company of Boston—
 Keystone Funds
 King's Sport Inc.—goggles
 Lady Bug—men's clothes
 Laguna Sportswear
 Lani Originals, Inc.
 Ed Larson Enterprises—Golf Indicator
 LeBar Enterprises Inc.—Trampolines
 Lifetime Pool Equipment Corp.—
 Lifetime Home Swimming Pools
 Lufthansa German Airlines
 McDelmas Sportswear Co.
 J. Mennen & Sons
 Merkonon Products
 Maxon Shirt Corp.—Carnegie Boys Shirts
 Mohawk Airlines, Inc.
 Mount Kinoo Hotel
 Narmu Manufacturing Co.—sport shirts
 Ohio National Life Insurance Co.
 Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation—
 Chemical Division—RTR
 Paddock of California, Inc.—swimming pools
 Pan American World Airways
 —Intercontinental Hotels
 —Caracas Intercontinental
 —El Salvador & Intercontinental
 —Elizaveta Intercontinental
 Part of Arizona
 Ben Pearson, Inc.
 Penn Yan Boats, Inc.

Pennsylvania Sporting Goods Co.—
 —Storanger Sporting Goods
 Pierre Marquet
 Porta Products Co.—Trampoline
 Prismatic Canisters
 Procter & Gamble Co.—Personal Receiving
 Economic Development Administration of
 Puerto Rico—Puerto Rico Road Institute
 Radio Corporation of America—
 Color Television
 Rex-4-Kut Co., Inc.
 Resort International, Inc.—Merrakech Beach
 Russell Drug Co.—Seedless Rabbits Co.
 Reynolds-Petland Store
 Richards "Aqualung" Center
 Ross Laboratories
 Jacob Ruppert
 Scarborough Downs Race Track
 Scheffelin & Co.—Meat & Chandeliers
 —Cannopier
 Jack Schwartz
 Scopus-Rite—Biscuits
 Scotch Furways, Inc.—Golf Net
 Scott Paper Co.
 H. & A. Selmer, Inc.
 Sheraton Corp. of America—
 French Inn & Sheraton
 Sherlock Associates
 —Transistorized Sunglasses
 H. Siegfried & Sons Inc.—Shocks
 Silhouette Marine, Ltd.
 Silverwood Stores
 Simplex Manufacturing Corporation
 Snow Company—Boat Trailer
 L. Sonnenborn Sons, Inc.—"Amole"
 Pennsylvania Motor Oil & Grease
 South Carolina Development Board
 South Dakota's Department of Highways,
 Publicity Div.
 Standard Brands, Incorporated—
 "Walter Kendall Hunt Club" Dog Food
 Matthew Stuart & Co., Inc.—
 Portable Time Recorders
 Sun Oil Company
 Tabco Keys
 TAN Airlines
 Tee-Off Golf Practice
 Tigrett Industries, Inc.
 Top Drawer
 Towne & King, Inc.
 Tyer Rubber Co.
 United Bioscience Co.
 Vagabond Cruises
 Valley View Products Co.—Valley View
 Dairies Lohes
 Jean Vernon Inc.—Dafin Speed Seat
 Ward Products Corp.—Newrad
 Equipment Co.
 W. N. Weir & Sons, Inc.
 Western Hotels, Inc.
 White Stag Mfg. Co.
 Willgo Co.—Golf Ball Retriever
 Yankee Photo Products

Our regional advertising is now (as of September 3rd)
 29.2% ahead of last year.

And the girls in our production office tell me now that with
 all duplications eliminated, old advertisers and new, national
 and regional, large and small, we now do business with 640
 different firms.

Who'll make it 641?

Pete Callaway

Advertising Director



Andrew Jackson entertains his friend Martin Van Buren

Andrew Jackson, the great "Hero of the Plain People" enjoyed the pleasant ways of life. To distinguished guests like Martin Van Buren, he proudly displayed his personal liquor chest. Jackson's decided preference for Old Crow is reported in a 19th Century newspaper.



Taste the Greatness of

OLD CROW

America's Preferred Bourbon

The day James Crow branded his name on the first barrel of Old Crow 125 years ago, his Kentucky bourbon was marked for greatness. Old Crow has received the acclaim of great men in every generation. Today it is America's most preferred bourbon. The reason is in every glass.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"



LIGHT • MILD • 86 PROOF
KENTUCKY BOURBON

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY, DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

WHY
PARLIAMENT'S
1/4 INCH
RECESS IS
SO IMPORTANT
TO YOU



tobacco tastes best when the filter's recessed



Parliament — with the famous 100's® recessed filter — is consistently tested for uniformity by the United States Testing Company, independent private testing laboratory.
*Registered U. S. Trademark

With recessed filter Parliament, there's no taste of filter feedback because your lips and tongue never touch, never taste the filter. What you *do* taste is the pure, true flavor of the best tobaccos in the business.

Parliament Popular Price—
King-Size Soft Pack
or Flip-Top Box